THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

DECEMBER 1, 1809.

MR. GOODBEHERE'S WAGGERY.

OR

THE IRONICAL ALDERMAN.

Talk of Johnny Wilks! a sprat's spawn to a leviathan when compared with this incomparable silversmith! How gratifying must it have been to the friends of fun to hear him utter the following words on the 3d of November; words which, although they were sold when *new*, by the proprietors of the daily papers for *sixpence*, rose just *cent. per cent.* in little more than a week, having been actually *retailed* by *Cobbett* in his *Political Register* of November 11th, for ONE SHILLING!!!

"It was well known," said the polisher of plate, "that Mr. Wardle was a man of mildest manners; that in pri-

vate life, he was distinguished for that *purity* so *essential to domestic happiness*, and that domestic happiness he enjoyed in a degree eminently and enviably high. Those who knew Mr. Wardle best valued him most, and those who knew his *private life best, valued his domestic happiness* most, perhaps, most envied it. The consistency of that life was the best answer to those who would object to Mr. Wardle any unbecoming motives in his tour with Mrs. Clarke. Mr. W. could find no public honour but in promoting the true interests of his country. He never *could find private happiness in any way inconsistent with his honour as a domestic man!!!* Mr. Wardle had a family and a country, and he never had been false to either!!!"—*Cobbett's Pol. Reg. November 11th, 1809, p. 723.*

"Those who know Mr. Wardle *best*," will certainly value this *exquisite irony most*.—We wonder what Mrs. B—wn said when she read this *biting* encomium on her *friend's* constancy.—Doubtless she repeated it to her little long-nosed progeny as she endeavoured (vain attempt) to trace the lineaments of their father's *virtues* in their baby countenances.

"Mr. Wardle had a family and a country, and *he never had been false to either!!!*"

Oh! wonderful silversmith!!! hadst thou been a conjuror thou wouldst have known that Mr. Wardle had *two* families, and that he had been *equally true* to *them* and to his country.—We seriously advise the *ironical* alderman to consult Mrs. Goodbehere before he practises "*that* purity so essential to domestic happiness," for which *Mr. Wardle is distinguished.*—She, (whatever Mrs. W. may think) may, perhaps, like Mrs. Sneak, in *the Mayor*

of Garrat, consider *his* "having a bit of BROWN," by no means essential to her connubial felicity.—Of all Mr. Wardle's numerous enemies this silver-mounted wag is certainly the most bitter—he even sacrifices his own to ruin the patriot's character.—Only mark the following extract from his *ingenious* speech.

"The grand jury had found a true bill against Mrs. Clarke and others for a conspiracy and they found so in consequence of the UNQUESTIONABLE PROOFS *of perjury committed by the parties having been laid before them.*"

Pol. Reg. November 11th. p. 772.

As grand juries, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, are

"Forbidden to disclose
The secrets of their prison house,"

we know not how this wise man of the *east* was informed that the bill was found in consequence of "*unquestionable proofs of perjury*;" and therefore shrewdly suspect he merely made this statement with the view of raising the patriot a little in the public estimation, that his fall might be more terrible and more fatal. Indeed this opinion is considerably strengthened by his artful endeavour to qualify the assertion in the next sentence, where in spite of these "*unquestionable proofs*" he admits that "the perjury *cannot be said to be proved*, until the jury have pronounced the final verdict."

Now after what has been disclosed in the court of King's Bench there can be no doubt but that this final verdict will be an *acquittal*; the man of plate will therefore be suspected by many of having uttered a most deliberate falsehood. We however are by no means inclined to deny the fact," that the bill was found in *consequence* of *unquestionable proofs of perjury*"—for had there been *no perjury*

no bill would have been found. We wish the ironical alderman would inform us *whose* necks he *now* thinks most in danger of the pillory.

'*Lignum* qui meruit ferat'—

Poor Wardle how we pity him!

How has the misery of his fall been encreased by the bitter ridicule of Goodbehere, the blasting friendship of Waithman, and the deadly support of *Devil-bribing, cabbage-loving, tough-swearing* Sir Richard!

MORE EVIDENCE WANTED

OR, THE ROBBER'S REQUEST.

To the Paper Knight.

Dear SIR RICHARD,

I BE informed that you be counted a nation clever fellow in the Old Bailey and King's Bench, and that you have lately quitted yourself to admiration; I ben a poor man in distress, and as you be no longer a sheriff, it will be no breach of duty to assist an honest body who never did no harm but burn my house, cheat the insurance office, forge a bit, and swindle a little, till this my present offence for which I now lies in Newgate, ready for trial at next sessions, and its damned hard that a man should be hanged for his first highway-robbery, which was committed for no other reason in the world, but to get a bit of money just to make myself comfortable, and drink long life and success to Colonel Wardle; therefore, Sir Richard, as you be one of the best proggers for queer evidence in this town, I hopes you'll be kind-hearted enough to find me a brace of tight lads against

my trial to prove an *alibi*, and will thank you to bring them with you to Newgate that we may settle where *I am* to be on the night the robbery *was* committed. Damn that fellow G——t, though he be your printer, he will only swear what he knows to be true. As I supposes you have pretty near *done the Colonel's business*, please to let hear from you immediately, for I'm rather uncomfortable in my present situation, and am, dear Sir Richard,

Yours, till death,

COLLIN CRIBWELL,

late of the Statesman Newspaper-office.

November 25th, 1809.

Felons' Side, Newgate.

P.S. As you be so well known to the *big wigs*, you had better not think of being one of the *queer ones* yourself.

ODE TO THE PATRIOTS ON THE JUBILEE.

I.

Ye sons of riot and misrule,
Pupils of Paine's infernal school,
Accept my condolation.
For well I know your hearts were wrung,
Your breasts by envy's scorpions stung,
To see a loyal nation.

II.

When acclamations loud were raised
Streets with illuminations blaz'd,
For George's lengthened sway
With Dæmon rage to see, you burned,
Those lights to conflagration turn'd,
And cursed the glorious day.

III.

How, Cobbet, must thy blacken'd soul
Be fired—thy eyes malignant roll
With disappointed glare.
When not e'en one malignant stone
Was at one loyal window thrown,
Tho' lights of joy were there.

IV.

But sooth to say tho' lies and guile,
From truth and order for awhile
The multitude may lure:
John has an honest noble heart
That ne'er will take that wretch's part,
Who dares oppress the poor.

V.

Then to thy Botley's favourite seat,
With disappointed spleen retreat,
And to amuse thy leisure,
On each old dame and friendless boy,
Thy coward tyranny employ
With more than fiend-like pleasure;

VI.

Unless the scene awhile to change,
To Coleshill's ancient towers you range,
And with the lordling there,
His noble rank, not noble birth
Disgracing with the scum of earth,
Sedition's orgies share.

VII.

There Wardle shall partake the feast,
And B—tt too a welcome guest,
Shall join the noisome bowl,
Where treason, blasphemy, and sin,
Shall pour with loud demoniac din,
From each malignant soul.

THE FAIR WIDOW,

A FRAGMENT.

I PICKED up the following fragment on the steps of Mr. Booth's circulating library in Duke-street, Grosvenor-place. As your work is mentioned in it, perhaps you may guess to whom it alludes.

Your obedient servant,

W. K.

* * * The dew of sorrow hung no longer on the roses of her beauteous cheek, and the *weeds* which disfigured, and partly concealed her snow-clad bosom, were carefully removed. Even the thorns which conscience and *the Satirist* had implanted, appeared to have lost their points. Smiles illuminated her countenance, and young delights played joyously round her heart—she again was

free—the icy hand of death had severed the chains of Hymen, and time had freed her from all the unpleasing restraints of recent widow-hood. Such and so lovely was our heroine when she re-emerged from that retirement to which she had been doomed by relentless custom. The youth who long had trodden the paths of *glory*, was still devoted to love. He *recapitulated* his passion, and offered honourable terms—but she who in the days of her spouse, was all warmth—all kindness—now coldly and cruelly rejected his solicitations. In vain he pleaded his former services—in vain he adjured her to remember the hours of delight they had passed together in the *laurelled* bower. The lady was inexorable !—She could not deny the proofs of tenderness which he had given, and was compelled to admit that he had considerably alleviated the inconveniences which she endured in consequence of her late husband's infirmities. But she knew that many had been equally attentive—she knew that one had even gone further to serve her than this hero of the laurel bower. She was too liberal to seek that from one man which she could obtain from fifty—her bosom was formed for * * * * * * * The *Will* which had been so long concealed

* *

* *

THE WIFE'S MOTHER.

"Good truth, it is this *New Disease*, there's a number are troubled withal!"

"A *New Disease!* I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague."—
Every Man in his Humour.

SIR,

I AM somewhat of a dabbler in *physic*, and have run over no inconsiderable number of volumes on *medical* subjects. But among the various systems of *Nosology* that I have perused, I find no mention of *a disease*, with which I have been long troubled, and which I find to be very *rife*, especially among those of my acquaintance who have been but lately married. Neither *Sauvages* nor *Cullen* have taken any notice of it: which is the more surprizing, as the most eminent *physicians* among the ancients have treated it copiously.* *Hippocrates*, "the father of medicine," calls it ἡ πενθερὴ: *Galen* (whose *golden head* is prized and honoured by chemists and apothecaries *as* much more than the *golden mouth* of St. John Chrysostom is by divines, *as* a *whole* is reckoned better than any *one* of its *parts*) has treated it under the name of ἡ ἑκυρὰ: by *Celsus* it is styled *Socrus*, and by *Terence*, *Hecyra*. The latter

* See *Hippocrates* περὶ πενθερης, Vol. 1. p. 93. edit. Foesii; *Galen*, περὶ ἑκυρας, Vol. 5. p. 179. edit. Charterii, *Celsus* de Socru, p. 987. edit. Targæ, and *Terentius* Delphini *in loc.*

physician has, however, handled the subject rather in a *playful* manner, and his treatise was not much esteemed by the *Romans*; though the late Bishop Hurd "disables their judgment," and speaks highly in its praise. The poverty of *our* language is such, that it cannotbe rendered as in the more copious tongues of *Greece* and *Rome*, by *one* word, I shall therefore take the liberty of calling it '*the wife's mother*,' which is a pretty close rendering of the technical name by which this *disease* was designated among the ancients; and now proceed to describe the symptoms.

This disorder usually manifests itself by, what I must beg leave to term a *propensity to incubation*, or an apprehension on the part of the wife's mother, that her daughter, as it should seem, is not sufficiently *hatched*. An inclination, therefore, to have the daughter constantly at her apron-string, or to go herself *clucking* after her, as a hen after a brood of chicks, is a never-failing indication to the poor husband, that this disease is beginning its ravages. If, therefore, he cannot immediately summon up resolution to nip the worm in the bud, and to convince his wife that nine tenths, at least, of her duty, are to be transferred from her mother to himself, his future domestic peace is irretrievably gone; and there is no saying how far the devastation occasioned by the distemper may extend. *Ovid*, who from his acquaintance with Antonius Musa, *physician in ordinary* to Augustus, had a *pretty notion of therapeutics*, was well aware of this, and has left to posterity an excellent caution against *this* disease, amongst other *Remedies*.

"Opprime, dum nova sunt, subiti mala semina morbi."

* * * * * * * *

"Principiis obsta: serò *medicina* paratur,
Cum *mala* per longas invaluere moras."

And this caution I found of the highest use to me on my first entering the *silken* bands of matrimony. (I merely use *this* term, Mr. Satirist, as *looking the prettiest* in print. *Iron* will not go down either with me or Lord Henry Petty.) On that day, Sir, when I was so happy as to call Mrs. Higginbottom my own, we kept our wedding dinner at *the Horns* (rather an *ominous sign*, you will say) and when our company broke up, and I proposed to my spouse to conduct her to my house, Mrs. Careful, her mama, said "she thought Prissy had better go home with her that night;" and I should have been the exact counterpart of what is called *a widow bewitched*, if I had not bethought me of the above precious *prophylactic* of Ovid, asserted my claims with firmness and dignity, and resolved to *take down* not only *my wife* but her mother also, *in her wedding shoes*.

If the disease is not checked in the first stage, it quickly assumes a more alarming appearance. It now displays itself * *in a dislike of every thing before it, and a morbid inclination to new model and arrange the whole œconomy of the house.* In fact no colonel of volunteers can evince a greater fondness for † *tactics*, than *the wife's mother* if uncontrolled. This second stage of the disease is generally more virulent when the wife is in a state of pregnancy. Indeed it once in my house advanced to such a height, that I almost began to despair. When, as good luck would have it, I discovered that an experienced, but *old and opinionated month-nurse* was the only *specific* in this stage of the disorder. *Corporal Trim's* contest betwixt

* This stage is treated by *Galen* under the terms σκιυροθία and φιλοκυσμία.

† *Tactics*, from τάσσω or τάττω, ordino, *to set in order*. Nugent's *Greek Primitives*.

the *radical heat and radical moisture* was child's play compared to *that* kept up by the skilful priestess of Lucina against *the wife's mother*; and at length she did, what I do not believe the whole college of physicians could have done, beat the enemy out of the pit, and rid the house, for a time, of a plague worse than that of Athens.

The attack sometimes takes place in a more covert manner, and is consequently more dangerous, as being unsuspected. A bystander, indeed, would not conceive that the slightest mischief was to be dreaded, but the husband and the wife, are fully sensible of its pernicious effects. This happens when the wife's mother assumes the flattering shape of wishing to keep peace between them: and the anxiety produced in this stage is so great, that *the wife's mother often attempts to extenuate a fault where none has been committed, and to apologize for the one party, when the other is conscious of no displeasure.* The consequence is, that the very effect is produced which it was intended to avoid, and, I am sure, Mrs. Higginbottom and myself have *supposed* each to have offended the other more in one week that this disease infested our house; than in the five years that we have been joined together in wedlock; indeed, sir, if left to ourselves, we are a very happy couple.

Considering your work as ψυχῆς ἰατρεῖον, or a dispensary for diseases of the soul, I make no apology for requesting your insertion of a paper on a *medical* subject.

I am,

Mr. Satirist,

Your most obedient,

and very humble servant,

BENEDICK HIGGINBOTTOM.

Blackfriars Road,
November 10th, 1809.

THE METHODISTS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Belli libelli, lepidi, novi libelli.

IGNORAMUS.

MR. SATIRIST,

AMONG the various objects which your miscellany has tended to promote, I am disposed to include that of bringing the methodists *to book*. Humble as this attempt may be, it has had its share of labour :—*res multi sudoris est*. However, these gentlemen (the better sort of them at least) do seem inclined, at last, to relax so far as to acknowledge that piety does not consist in ignorance; and that human learning will not necessarily work an exclusion from divine favour. It is true, indeed, that the conference, in the plenitude of its spiritual wisdom, did intimate to Dr. Adam Clarke, that "the superintendance of an institution of mere human learning was considered to be incompatible with the duties of a Christian minister!" And it is also true, that Dr. Adam Clarke, in humble obedience to this *wise* suggestion, has quitted the Surry Institution. Still, however, it is consolatory to find that the sun of evangelical literature is not set; but yet remains above the horizon of science, to diffuse fresh beams of knowledge, and to bless the world with new illuminations of learning.

A new Encyclopædia is just issued from that rendezvous of dissenting politics, the Albion Press, belonging to Mr. James Cundee, Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row. I can

fancy, Mr. Satirist, that you are now rubbing your spectacles (for I am given to understand that all editors wear glasses) in order to have a clearer perusal of this sentence; and that, suspecting some error of your humble correspondent, you exclaim—"*A new what?*" But, Sir, let me intreat you to replace your glasses, and be calm. I am perfectly correct. It is entitled, "The IMPERIAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA; or a new universal Dictionary; *embracing* in a *comprehensive* system, an accurate view of the arts and sciences, in their present highly improved state; *with* every object, animate and inanimate, within the compass of the human understanding." This undertaking is to be completed "in about 200 *weekly* numbers," price *eight pence each!!!*

It is said of the ostrich, that she has the sagacity to discern which of her eggs will prove good, and which are likely to be sterile. Dr. Adam Clarke, it seems, possesses the faculty of similar prediction, in the affairs of literature; he can predict which productions of the brain are likely to prove addled, and which are destined to enjoy the functions of vitality. At present the first number only of this work is published, (the first number of a periodical publication may be considered a sort of nest-egg, to make readers lay) and that is introduced by the following

RECOMMENDATION.

"Messrs. Johnson and Exley," (the editors of this publication, and one of whom, I believe, is related to the doctor,) "have done me the honour to submit to my *examination* a *portion* of the copy of their Imperial Encyclopædia, which they have prepared for the press; and I feel much satisfaction in being able to state, that the work, as far as I have had leisure to examine it, appears to be executed with great judgment and accuracy. In the Theo-

logical Department, I see with great pleasure, that ample justice is likely to be done to the cause of divine revelation, and the important doctrines it contains. In the department of the sciences and arts, I perceive much original and valuable matter. Calculations hastily formed, and incorrectly printed, in most publications of this nature, are here reformed, and accurately produced; by *this* means the path of science is rendered more certain, and consequently more easy. If the work *proceeds* as it *has* commenced (*of* which I have no reason to doubt) I feel no hesitation to say, that I think it will be one of the most valuable works of the kind ever offered to the public in so small a compass.

"ADAM CLARKE."

London, September, 1809.

On reading this recommendation, I ran over in my mind the several species of puffs so ingeniously enumerated in "the Critic," with the view of reducing this to its proper class. But, upon consideration, I found it to be a combination of them all, with the addition, perhaps, of a new sort, to be henceforth denominated the puff prefatory. However, I shall request permission to conclude my observations on this part of the subject, with a quotation from Mr. Cumberland's Observer. "It is hardly possible (says that gentleman) that any cause can be profited by puffing; if any can, it must be a contemptible one: the interests of literature are among the last that can expect advantage from it, or that should condescend to so mean a resource."

But, Mr. Satirist, the book which is thus doctorially puffed off (that part of it, at least, which is already published) is a most wretched production: inaccurate in many parts; superficial in all. A reference to it will soon satisfy you that this judgment is not too severe. In

the mean time, you will perhaps accept the following instances, the result of a very cursory inspection.

"A, the first letter, as well as the first vowel, in the alphabet, has four different sounds."

An accurate ear, and a reference to Mr. Walker's elaborate essay on the principles of English pronunciation, prefixed to his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary, will probably satisfy every one, that "A has three long and two short sounds."

The first example given of these sounds is very faulty.

"The broad sound, as in *all, wash.*"

How defective must be that ear, which can consider the vowel A to be in unison in these two words!

"ABRIDGEMENT, signifies *much the same* with (as) an epitome or abstract of a large work."

Is not this a distinction without a difference? Dr. Johnson, at least, thought so; for he defines it with more grammatical propriety, "The epitome of a larger work."

The definitions are often at variance; *e. g.*

"ACCESSORY, * * * It is a maxim among lawyers, that where there is no principal, there can be no accessory; so that it is necessary the principal be first convicted, before the accessories can be arraigned."

But, in explaining the word "accomplice," this rule is improperly confined to Scotland.

"ABIGEAT, *abigeatus*, the crime of stealing or driving off cattle in droves, otherwise called *abactus*. It was more severely pu-

nished than simple theft, *viz.* by condemnation to the mines, banishment, or even death."

They who refer to this article for *information*, would doubtless wish to be told when, where, and by whom this crime was so punished.

"ABILITY, in a law sense, is the power of doing certain actions."

Now, it is notorious, that "in a law-sense," the word "action" is applicable only to legal proceedings. In the sense above implied, lawyers say, to do an *act*; not, to do an *action*. Indeed, the worst law dictionary that can be met with would point out the legal distinction between *actum* and *actio*.

"ACCUBATION, (from *ad* to, and *cubo*, I lie down)."

It is obvious that the direct derivation of this word is from *accubo*. That word, indeed, is derived, or rather formed, from *ad* and *cubo*; but the immediate derivation of "accubation" is certainly from *accubo*; and Dr. Johnson so derives it.

Another quotation from the same article will furnish a fair specimen of the general inelegance of the style and language of this work.

"But as luxury *got* footing, this posture *became* adopted (how long, it may be asked, has "become" been an auxiliary verb?) at least by the men; for as to women, it was reputed an indecency in them to lie down among the men; though afterwards that too was *got* over."

The etymological part of the work is singularly defective and capricious. The derivation of many unimportant words is traced; while others, less obvious, and con-

sequently more necessary to be examined, are neglected. The only instance in which etymology is uniformly attended to, is that of Hebrew proper names. The derivation of these is invariably extracted from Bailey's Dictionary, though, in some instances, with mutilation.

These particulars, cursorily selected, will serve to shew the *propriety* of the doctor's warm recommendation. But, before I conclude, Mr. Satirist, I shall beg leave to add a few words respecting the class of readers for whom this work is designed. Those who can afford to buy an Encyclopædia in eightpenny numbers only, have no right, in my humble opinion, to the possession of such a work; and I think the man who will puff such persons into a purchase of this kind is highly censurable. I am not an advocate for a literary oligarchy; but I certainly am of opinion that the republic of letters should exclude the vulgar from its mysteries. Alexander, you may remember, reproached Aristotle with making learning too common; and how applicable such a censure is to the present times the blue-paper publications of the day do most abundantly prove.

I remain, Mr. Satirist,
Your obedient servant,
ANGLICANUS.

London, Nov. 3, 1809.

ACCOUNT OF THE MANUSCRIPTS OF THE LATE SAM SPITFIRE, AUTHOR.

(Continued from page 424.)

SIR,

WITH the melancholy catastrophe, which I mentioned in my last letter, Mrs. Spitfire did not seem to be so

much affected as the established rules of *bienséance* require on the death of a husband. She 'yelled out no syllables of dolour,' but while the surgeon and myself were rendering our unavailing offices to the poor *defunct*, with stoic apathy she continued her meal, contenting herself occasionally, during the intervals of deglutition, with asking whether we thought he would recover? I was indignant and amazed at this indifference, but the mystery was shortly developed, when upon a little farther inquiry I found she was no more related to Mr. Spitfire than myself; each of them having possessed too much spirit to submit to more *ordinances* than they could help, and both, with the heroism of Pope's Eloisa (a lady, whose example, if we may judge from many recent instances in the present day, seems coming into high fashion) having exclaimed on the forming their connection 'Curse on *all laws* but those which Love has made.' The case, Mr. Satirist, was this:

About the year 1794 or 1795 a few hare-brained young men, whose irregularities, to use the mildest word, had been often checked, and their *energies fettered* by the *odious system* of police established in OLD ENGLAND, had formed a plan (the wisest plan, in my opinion that any one can adopt who is dissatisfied with his country, and such as, I think, every one in conscience ought to prefer to grumbling at home,) to leave it, and to establish the glorious reign of PANTISOCRACY on the banks of the *Susquehanna*. As their intention was to colonize the spot whither they were to migrate, it was necessary to take out *live stock* of different descriptions with them; Sam, who was at Liverpool making preparations for his voyage, found there his 'dear Parthenope. Her mother, Sir, sold ale by the town walls,' and the daughter was as well suited to be-

come the companion of a *pantisocrat*, as Hipparchia to be the wife of *Crates. The voyage, unfortunately for more than themselves, was not proceeded on, as they could not *raise the wind;* and as an *inveterate prejudice* for good old customs still prevails in England, it was found expedient to allow Parthenope to assume the name of wife; that title, in this country, as well as that of 'captain, being a good travelling name, and stopping a great many foolish enquiries.'

It may be unnecessary, Sir, to trouble you with the detail of what further occurred, I found that Mrs. Spitfire had so fully imbibed the opinion of Lycurgus (together with some other odd Spartan notions) as to consider her *children as the property of the state,* and that she intended to abandon them to, what she conceived, their lawful owners. I have since succeeded in getting these admitted into the Philanthropic society.

After giving the necessary directions with respect to my deceased acquaintance, I made Mrs. Spitfire a present of more than I thought she deserved, and of as much as I could with propriety afford; and though she had always, like *philosopher Godwin,* considered *gratitude as the effusion of a vulgar mind,* she, in the present instance, so far deviated from her principles, as to put into my hand a large parcel of dirty papers, telling me, that 'These here papers are some of Mr. Spitfire's scribblings, and as I can't make no use of 'em, you may have 'em if you will.' I was not insensible to this ebullition of †*Calabrian hospi-*

* Εἵλετο ἡ παῖς καὶ ταὐτὸν ἀναλαβοῦσα σχῆμα συμπερινίσε τάνδρὶ, καὶ ἐν τῷ ϕανερῷ συνεγίνετο, καὶ ἐπὶ τα δεῖπνα ἀπῆει—ὁ δὲ πρὸς μὲν τὸ λεχθὲν οὐδὲν ἀπήντησεν, ἀνέσυρε δ' αὐτῆς θοἰμάτιον ἀλλ' οὐτη κατεπλάγη Ἱππαρχία, οὔτε διαταράχθη ὡς λυπ. Diog. Laërt. in Hipparchia.

† ——quo more pyris *Calabri* vesci jubet *hospes.*
Ut libet: *hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinques.*
Horat. I. Epist. 7.

tality, and on my return home set about examining the precious deposit. The bundle consisted of various scraps and *vessels* of paper, containing unfinished sketches of *original voyages and travels, dissertations, puns, bon-mots, and anecdotes* for more *magazines* than I thought were in circulation, *projects* innumerable, and imperfect *hints* for different periodical publications, to each of which were annexed references to the sources from whence they were to be compiled, illustrated, or compleated; among them were 'a Dissertation on *metathesis* in two parts. I. *Liteterary Metathesis*, or the *policy and expedieney of Anagrams*,' exemplified by turning *Philip Richards*, into *Richard Phillips*; *Heron* into *Pinkerton*, &c. with a reference to the last of the *Tales of the Genii*. I could not 'for the life o' me,' Mr. Satirist, understand what Sam could mean by referring to a work, the principles of which both political and religious were so diametrically opposite to his own, till, upon looking into the tale designated, I found, what I never before knew to be the fact, that the ingenious and truly pious author had contrived to eulogize his friends, by anagrammatizing their English into something of a Persic termination, and thus proved himself to be an adept in the art recommended in the first part of this treatise. 'II. *Pecuniary Metathesis*, or *the art of transferring money from other persons' pockets into your own*.' The references here were almost innumerable; to *assurance* companies of various descriptions lately established, and to *projects* which were to turn every element *to account, to gas lights, Gravesend tunnels, Golden-lane Breweries, Vauxhall Bridges*, &c. &c. &c. There were likewise *memoranda* of various pages of *the Sessions Paper* and *Newgate Calendar* to be consulted.

"A *pun* for the *Beau Monde*.—A surgeon being called

in to trepan a lamplighter, who had fractured his skull, by falling from his ladder, wished to defer the operation till the *morning*, which was the better time, he said, for performing it. When the imminent danger of the patient was represented to him, it did not induce him to change his resolution. He insisted that the ablest practitioners preferred the *morning*, and that *Celsus* himself had remarked, '*Diluculo* SURGERY *saluberrimum est.*'"

"A treatise on Τίς αἰτία βουλίμε, or *What is the reason that an author is always ravenously hungry?* in the manner of *Plutarch*; for the *Monthly Magazine*. *Mem.* Elucidate this with many new lights that may be thrown upon the subject since the days of Plutarch, and confirm my assertions by instancing my neighbours in Grub-street, and my fellow-labourers in *knight**work." I forwarded this piece, Mr. Satirist, according to its direction. Some other dissertations, intended for the same work, that were either *weak* or *wicked*, I gave to the flames; though I find by a private memorandum that Sam had but lately conveyed *a large lot* to the editor.

"W. H. B. Esq. desired Sir Richard to provide him a *motto* for his *Prospectus* of his *Insurance of the Lives of Cattle*. I furnished the following from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, and got 2s. 6d. for it,

> "Know, all you simple *animals*, you whose *purses*
> Are ready to *cast the calf*, if they have not
> Cast it already, if you give any credit
> To this juggling rascal, you are worse
> Than simple *widgeons*, and will be drawn into
> The net by this *decoy-duck*, this tame cheater.

* I have some reason to believe, Mr. Satirist, that Sam, who was always fond of innovation, had adopted a new mode of orthography.

but I understand the *squire* was very angry, and swore the *knight* meant to affront him."

The only piece, Mr. Satirist, among this *farrago* that I can find fit to send to *you*, is what he has called "Hints for my next Paper." As it has no farther designation, I cannot discover for what work he intended it. I herewith inclose it, and if you think proper to use it, it is much at your service. Should you not chuse to insert the two notes in page ii. on Ben Johnson and Beaumont and Fletcher, I will thank you to return them to me, as I think *one* of them at least is curious.

I am, Mr. Satirist, your obedient servant,

EZEKIEL JACKSON.

Fitzroy-Square, Nov. 1809.

HINTS FOR MY NEXT PAPER.

"Some time back, a little volume was published called "*The Cutter.*" I wonder whether the ingenious *lecturer* has taken any notice of a numerous body of *cutters* who were intitled by the Athenians Χρεωκοπίδαι, or *debt-cutters*; I could have given him some useful hints on that subject, and Mr. Sheridan, and Colonel Wardle, I should fancy, still *more*.

"Οἱ νεότεροι τὰς Ἀθηναίους λέγουσιν τὰς τῶν πραγμάτων δυσχερείας ὀνόμασι χρηστοῖς καὶ φιλανθρώποις ἐπικαλύπτοντας, ἀστείως ὑποκορίζεσθαι, τὰς μὲν ΠΟΡΝΑΣ, ΕΤΑΙΡΑΣ, τὰς δὲ φόρους, συντάξεις, φυλακὰς δὲ τὰς φρουρὰς τῶν πόλεων, οἴκημα δὲ τὸ δεσμωτήριον καλοῦντας. *Plutarch in Solon.*

"The moderns observe that the Athenians used to qualify the harshness of things by giving them softer and politer names, calling whores "mistresses;" tributes, "contributions;" garrisons, "guards;" and prisons, "castles." *Langhorne*'s translation.

"*Query.* Is there no *other* nation, besides the Athenians, who do the same? Who call adultery, *conversation*, or *being under protection*; suborning a witness, or sowing sedition, *patriotism*; and blowing out a man's brains, *giving satisfaction*.

"Ben Jonson's *Epicene*, act i. sc. 1. *Swear upon Whitemain's party.*—Mr. Whalley tells us this was one of the horses of the time. I think I have found out whom he belonged to. In some MS. Memoirs of Sir HENRY FYNES, *alias* CLINTON, Knt. the following passage occurs: 'Also, in these my trobles with my wife I was forced to give my Lord of Houldarnes my gray running hors calld Whitmayne for a gratuety, for which I might haue had 100l." See Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1772.

"Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*. Act i. sc. 1, I *promise you it* (*i. e.* the tobacco) *is very powerful, and by a trope* spiritual; *for, certainly*, it moves in sundry places."—I cannot help thinking that B. and F. wrote *scriptural*. When I *once* was in church, I recollect almost the first words I heard were, "*the scripture moveth us in sundry places.*" Now, taking into consideration Sir Roger's *profession*, that he is here speaking *by a trope*, and displaying *his learning* to Welford, I cannot think my conjecture altogether improbable."

VENUS IN THE BEAU MONDE.

SIR,

SHOULD any one of your correspondents feel inclined to engage in a speculation as interminable as the search

after the *Grand Elixir*, or the *Philosopher's Stone*, I beg leave to propose to his notice *the calculation of the utmost extent of human absurdity*. Precisely at the time that *he* has exactly ascertained *how far* the folly of mankind *can go*, I conceive the **Lullianists* and the *Ripleyans* will have arrived at the *Arcanum Magnum*.

Passing the other day, by the office of that *luminous* publication the BEAU MONDE, my attention was rivetted by a picture of a pretty woman, with so much gauze and lace about her that she looked "as if she were a running frippery," with three or four little chubby naked boys about her, one perched on her shoulder, and another at her feet, like the statue of Charity over Mercer's hall. I was much struck with the *oddness of her attitude*; and, upon closer inspection, I was "edified by the margent" and informed that she represented *Venus attired by the* † *Graces*. And sure enough Venus it was. For (would you believe it, Sir?) the egregious ideots who conduct that work, had CLOTHED the *Venus de Medici!!!* and, as if they were determined to exhibit "damning proofs" of their taste, had clapped her as a frontispiece to their volume. It instantly brought to my recollection a worthy acquaintance of mine, *Mrs. Di Mite*, who, some years ago

* *Raymund Lully* and *Ripley* were two "learned Thebans" who, some years back, distinguished themselves among the *projectors* of their day. They opened an insurance office for the *lives* of cattle, to be carried into effect by means of an *elixir* which they intended to *brew*. By means of the *philosopher's stone* they hoped to turn *their brass* into *gold*. See Boërhaave's *Hist. of Chemistry*.

† "Live and learn," Mr. Satirist. Till set right by the *Beau Monde*, I always thought that "the graces" were of the *feminine gender*.

retired from business as a cheesemonger, and took a country villa at *Mill-bank*, and, wishing to display her taste in her garden, desired *Signor Papera* to send her down a *statute* to ornament it. When the *Apollo Belvidere* made his appearance, (for that was the signor's selection) she, like a zealous loyalist, was much disgusted at his *sans culotte* condition, and, with true charity, gave him a pair of breeches to cover his nakedness, clapped a *spiked hat* on his head and a musket on his shoulder, and he now looks as fierce as a colonel of volunteers.

A similar and equally ludicrous burlesque of the Venus de Medici has been committed by the conductors of the *Beau Monde*; through their sheer ignorance *that many gestures and attitudes may be* GRACEFUL and BECOMING, *under particular circumstances, which as circumstances change, may be rendered grossly* INDECENT and DISGUSTING.

"Venus,* in all attitudes, is graceful; but in no one *more*, than in that of the Venus de Medici; in which figure of her, if she is not really modest, she at least counterfeits *modesty* extremely well." Were one to describe exactly what that attitude is, one might do it in two verses of Ovid's.

'Ipsa Venus pubem, QUOTIES VELAMINA PONIT,
Protegitur lævâ semireducta manu.'—Art. Amat. 2. v. 614.

Lucian thus exquisitely described the Cnidian Venus by Praxiteles, whose attitude was similar: 'Η μὲν οὖν θεὸς ἐν

* I readily acknowledge my obligation to Spence, who in his Polymetis, not only, as the Spaniards say, "has drunk my thought," but expressed my sentiments much more happily than I could do myself.

μέσῳ καθίζηται, Παρίας δὲ λίθος δαίδαλμα κάλλιστον, ὑπερήφανον καὶ σεσηρότι γέλωτι μικρὸν ὑπομειδιῶσα. Πᾶν δὲ τὸ κάλλος αὐτῆς ΑΚΑΛΥΠΤΟΝ, ΟΥΔΕΜΙΑΣ ΕΣΘΗΤΟΣ ΑΜΠΕΧΟΥΣΗΣ, ΓΕΓΥΜΝΩΤΑΙ, πλὴν ὅσα τῇ ἑτέρᾳ χειρὶ τὴν αἰδῶ λεληθότως ἐπικρύπτειν. Amores, vol. 2. p. 411. edit. Hemsterhuisii.

Now, Sir, it must be allowed, nothing can be more delicate or becoming than this attitude: but then it is under certain circumstances, of the *velaminibus positis* and the καλλος ακαλυπτε. But, *change* the circumstances, and *continue* the attitude, as the *Beau Monde* has done: dress her in a *fly-cap* and a tunic invented by *Madame Lanchester*, or any other fashionable *marchande des modes*, and what is the result? why, she puts you in mind of *Mr. Shandy*, who, when "any thing tickled him hugely, always clapped his hands upon a *similar part*;" or of a lady, described by Beaumont and Fletcher in the spirit of prophecy, as the exact counterpart of the Venus de Medici, as exhibited by the Beau Monde:

——"She has dress'd herself,
(Saving your worship's reverence) just i' th' cut
Of one of those that multiply i' th' boxes.
For single money*——
If any speaks to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her compass with her fingers,
And points to what she'd have."——*The Woman's Prize.*

I am, Mr. Satirist,
Your very humble servant,
DYMASIPPUS.

Nov. 16, 1809.

* See a letter from one of these damsels in the last number of the SATIRIST.

THE BARDS OF THE LAKE.

I HAD been visiting the western isles of Scotland, and I was charmed with the remains which are still to be found there of the simplicity of ancient manners. My mind was full of the glories of other times, and as I crossed the highlands, I often listened with delight to some fragment of Ossian, chanted rudely to the same wild notes, which those mountains had re-echoed for successive centuries. Nor was I less pleased as I traversed the marches, which of old divided the sister kingdoms, with the remnants of border minstrelsy. By the time I had reached the lakes, which I had proposed to visit in my way, I could think of nothing but the minstrels and the minstrelsy of chivalry and romance. All modern poetry appeared to me to be a composition of affectation, learning, and sentimental refinement, and a hundred other things, with which in fact poetry had nothing to do.—I was not a little delighted, therefore, arriving at the beautiful village of Ambleside, to learn that a brotherhood of modern bards had established themselves there, whose opinions of poetry exactly coincided with mine, and who regulated their practice accordingly. I did not enquire very particularly into the tenets of this sect, being certain that as simplicity and nature were their object, they must be right, by whatever means they attained them. I had very fortunately, on the evening of my arrival the means of judging of their success; and the impression which their impassioned enunciation of their unrivalled strains made upon me is indelible.

I was walking by the side of the neighbouring lake, in company with a friend who had lived some time in the vicinity. As I could think of nothing but the bards, I asked him a thousand questions about them. He was very eloquent in praise of the blameless virtue and pastoral simplicity of their lives, and the admirable harmony that subsisted between them. I was not displeased to hear so fair an account of their private virtues, but it was of their poetry that I wished to speak.

We had just reached the summit of a gentle eminence, and were descending the other side, when in the little vale beneath us, which commanded a beautiful view of the lake, we perceived seated in the grass a groupe of men women, and children; and in the midst of the groupe stood one, who by the energy of his action appeared to be reciting; but he had concluded, and sat down, before we were near enough to hear what he said,

"Behold the bards and their wives and their children!" exclaimed my friend; "they are rehearsing some of their new poems: this is a frequent custom with them: we will sit down at the foot of yonder beach; where we shall be near enough to hear them: they will not heed us."

While he spoke, another of the bards arose, and took his station in the midst of the groupe. My friend whispered me, that he had composed some famous *lyrical ballads* and was proceeding to descant on his genius, when the bard began, first announcing his subject to be,

THE HERMIT AND THE SNAIL.

A hermit walk'd forth from his cell one day,
And he met a snail across his way,
And thus to the snail did the hermit say,
'Silly snail!'

" Is it thy love thou goest to meet,
To woo her in her green retreat?
No——thou hast horns upon thy head,
Thou art already married,
" Silly snail!

I was charmed with the original simplicity of this elegant little composition, to which I did not know what appellation to apply, or in what class of poetry to place it. I perceived that it gave much satisfaction to the brotherhood of bards, though the ladies seemed not altogether to approve the indirect satire contained in it. I had scarcely finished copying it into my book of memoranda, when another bard started from his seat, and with a violent bound dashed into the middle of the circle. He seemed to labour with all the inspiration of poetry, and to be agitated by some mighty thoughts. For some time he spoke not; and meanwhile my friend took occasion to inform me, that this bard had published some odes which were supposed to be very fine, but they were too sublime for vulgar comprehension. He had also written an elegy to an ass, which was more level to its subject, but it was on the ode he prided himself. He had formerly, he said, been of Cambridge, but enlisted as a private of dragoons: he had often been known to harangue his comrades on themes of liberty, and had endeavoured to inspire them with the free spirit of the citizens of the ancient republics, to which he was enthusiastically devoted. His learning, which was various and classical, had astonished his officers, and on his real circumstances and quality being in consequence discovered, he had quitted the service. He still however, dreams of nothing but liberty, continued my friend, and talks of nothing but freedom? Not long ago,

he read lectures on poetry at a fashionable institution, but, whether—At that instant the bard, without announcing his subject, which, however, it was afterwards agreed to entitle *The Breeches*, burst forth with the utmost vehemence into the following short ode.

BREECHES.

AN ODE.

On some high mountain's rugged top sublime,
Where mortal tyrant never trod,
Through all the rounds of time,
Free as the unpolluted clod
Fain would I sit *bare breech'd !* most fitly so,
That the free wind might blow.

It's welcome rude, changing the native hue
Of those unclothed parts from red to blue,
And every rainbow tint and dye,
Making sweet variety.
I love such honest freedom, better far
Than the false sunshine of the court, or smile
Of fickle beauty earn'd by slavish suit,
Keeping the free thought mute,
In bondage vile
As slaves of Turkey are.

Breeches are masks, which none would wear,
If all were honest, all were fair !
Naked truth needs no disguise,
Falsehood then in breeches lies,
Therefore I love them not ;
But him most honest hold, who's most a *sans culotte.*

When thus bare-breech'd on high,
Upon the mountain's top 'mid purer air,
Thinking sublimer thoughts I lie,
Ask you, what I do there?
Why, I would say, and I would sing
Whate'er to sing or say I list,
Till that 'the winds in wonder whist'
Listen'd to my minstrelsing.
And when ended was my strain,—
I'd walk down again!

I was no less delighted with this inimitable production itself than with the effect it seemed to have on those to whom it was immediatelyaddressed. The countenances of the female part of the groupe were lit up with a wonderful expression of intelligence and animation: and so powerfully did it seem to work on the minstrel brotherhood, that from some preparatory motions, I began to suspect that a general denudation was about to take place; but this inclination was repressed by the ladies. It was some time before the violent sensations excited by the Breeches Ode had subsided, so that I had sufficient time to complete my copy of this also, before another bard arose.

The next that ventured into the circle, stepped forward with rather a *sheepish* air: my friend was not able to satisfy my curiosity to know the name of this bard; for he told me there were two so much alike, one with all the meekness of a *Lamb*, and the spirit of the other so much *a-lloy'd*, that he could never tell them apart. However it was one of them, he was certain, and it was of little consequence which; "They are," said he, "*par nobile fratrum*," "*Arcades ambo*," "*cantare pares*;" he was running on with a hundred other scraps of Latin, when I

stopped him, for I perceived the bard addressed himself to speak—

"The subject of my verse," said he, "is *The Witch and the Stocking, a Ballad.* But after the breeches of my friend, I fear my stocking scarce will fit you."

They all laughed right merrily at this wit, and the bard began:

The Witch and the Stocking.

A BALLAD.

An old wither'd hag all alone was sitting,
At the door of her lowly shed,
Worsted hose her bony fingers were knitting,
And she was clothed in a cloak of red.

And 'twas the fearfullest sight to see
That could be seen, alack!
The old wither'd hag in her tatter'd red rag,
For the red was patched with black!

'Now goody, now goody what are you about?'
I cried as I came near,
But she took no heed, of me, indeed
Just as if she did'n't hear.

But she said her say, and mumbled away,
As no one had been by,
And she look'd like a witch, if she dropp'd a stitch,
And cried, 'worse luck for I.'

And I marked the goose quill by her side
In which her needle was placed,
And I thought of the goose from whence it came,
And the witch had a savoury taste.

But whilst I ponder'd how my thoughts,
Mote best resolved be,
The old wither'd hag in her patch'd red rag,
Most strangely vanish'd from me,

For she rose from her seat, and walk'd into her shed,
As another old woman would do,
When a witch might as well have walk'd on her head,
Or on a broom-stick flew.

And never, oh never have I seen,
Ever since that terrible day
The old wither'd hag in her black and red rag
Or the stocking she bore away !'

This ballad was received with great applause, and much praised for its amiable simplicity both of subject and manner, and the fidelity with which it conformed to the most approved ancient models. The children, I perceived, particularly admired it, and they hung round the bard's knees, and kissed him very affectionately when he had concluded; thanking him for his pretty story, and telling him it was just like what they read in their pretty gilt story books. He seemed much flattered by this proof of the success with which he had cultivated simplicity.

I had scarcely completed my transcript of the ballad, when my friend eagerly directed my attention to the group. "We are indeed fortunate this evening," said he, "the chief bard I see, is about to to recite some of his verses. You have heard of him before. It is he that used to write *Epics* in less time than common geniusses do *Impromptus*, till he found it so easy a thing, that he thought Epics beneath him, *a degraded sort of thing*, and so he wrote some large works, printed like verse, to which neither he nor any body else, has yet been able to give a

proper name." His idea of harmony of versification is rather singular, he asserts that "harshness is essential to harmony," and that the finest harmony is composed of a number of discords arranged in a peculiar manner. This gives a very strange effect to his verse, and those that are unaccustomed to it, think it the oddest, maddest thing in the world; but to such as like it, it is no doubt very agreeable. He has besides a strong predilection for particular ejaculations, and benedictions, which he scatters through his poetry very plentifully; and he is so liable to be borne away from his subject by the vigour of his imagination, that if he begins with one thing, he is sure to end with another. But this is genius, this is inspiration. Hark! he speaks!!

"My theme is HARMONY," said the bard, "and I sing it in dithyrambics invented by myself."

DITHYRAMBICS

OR HARMONY.

Ah woe the while! God help me! lack a day!
The goodly times of HARMONY,
Whose various measures linked with strange mystery
Could woo the charmed soul to sweet oblivion
Of the many miseries of this bad world,
Are all gone by. The soul of verse
Is chain'd and trammell'd, hacknied to the pace
Of baby in a go-cart, or the dull jade
That still goes round and round
In the blank circle of a mill, the mill-horse,
Most hapless one! the thought of thee doth make me sad
Sad even to very sorrow, for doubtless
There was a time when thou wert joyous,

When thou did'st frisk and bound upon the plain right merrily;
Or in the dusky wood or hazel'd copse
Did'st woo thy equine loves, dappled or bay,
Or brown, or sorrel, pyebald, roan, or black,
Or richer chesnut, if barbarous man had spar'd
The power to love:—but thou art now, verily,
A miserable object; thy bones do shew
Through thy dry hairless skin most villainously;
Thy master is most pitiless! God help thee, toiling one,
The thought of thee has drawn me from my theme,
Which was of harmony; but a tale of pity
Told in harmonious numbers doth as well,
And the tear of the soft-eyed maid shall consecrate my verse."

A gentle murmur of approbation followed the close of the song of the bard, like a * * * * * * * *

TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF HAMPSHIRE,
In the *style*, but not in the *manner* of
WILLIAM COBBETT.

" I have known many of those bold champions for liberty in my time," says the good old Vicar of Wakefield, " yet I do not remember one who was not in his heart and family a tyrant." I would request the reader to look round among his acquaintance and see if this observation does not everywhere hold good—see *if there be one among the yelping kennel of modern patriots*, who is not a bad husband, father, brother, or son. The same pride and *turbulence of spirit* that lead them to withhold every mark

of respect and obedience from their superiors lead them also to tyrannize over those who are so unfortunate as to be subjected to their will: the GOOD SUBJECT, the good husband, parent, and child, and the *good Christian*, exist *together* or they exist *not at all.*"

Cobbett's Works, Vol. 4, pages 87 and 88.

Well! we have had a *Jubilee*, and in spite of all the efforts of the Waithmans, the Goodbeheres, the Cobbetts, and the herd of rascals and fools, whose bile rises at every token of loyalty, never was joy more general—never was gratitude to Providence more sincerely manifested than on the day when our good old king entered the fiftieth year of his reign! It is really most gratifying to witness the chagrin and disappointment of the white-livered "*yellow-bellied*" crew who artfully endeavoured to induce us to pass the day in solemn prayer and fasting, that they might afterwards accuse us of being dissatisfied with the past and present conduct of our sovereign. *Why*, the DESERTER OF BOTLEY is stark staring mad with vexation and raves and lies if possible more disgustingly than ever.

Only read his letter to the grey-headed, half-witted wretch whom he formerly named the *milch-cow of the jacobins*,* and if you don't discover in every lie, and every line the most convincing proofs of those heart-burnings which the universal manifestation of loyalty has engendered in the breast of every "*gallows-hating*" scoundrel in the kingdom, you must be the most purblind, muddy-brained mortals that ever learned the alphabet.

In this letter he tells the poor driveller to whom it is addressed that "he (*the milch-cow* aforesaid) of all men

* Pol. Reg. Nov. 4, 1809.

living has proved that he best knows the *real* use of money." Now as he has in his former works told us *how* and to what purpose, this wet-nurse of traitors applied his riches, we may fairly conclude that, having himself re-become* a jacobin, the DESERTER is occasionally permitted to tug at his productive *teat*, and therefore very naturally praises the mode of distributing its nourishing contents.

To what miserable shifts is this base, tergiverse, double-*distilled* liar reduced to bring himself again into notice! On the night of *Jubilee*, when thousands were collected to witness the illuminations at the Admiralty, *as he states* in his Register of November 4th, some fellow affixed a placard to the neck of King Charles's horse at Charing-Cross. Well; who witnessed this placard? who of the surrounding myriads decyphered its contents? who discovered that the words written thereon were to the following effect:

"May God disperse the votaries of *Cobbett* as the clouds of this day!"

Why, no one but *the man of the* STATESMAN, the wretch who has sold himself to Cobbett and Wardle; the ideot whom the former puffs for puffing him, and to whom the latter sent his lying address to "the *People of the United Kingdom*," and the letters which passed between him and his present attorney (evidently written on the same desk, and at the *same time*) relative to falsehoods which he uttered with regard to his counsel, Mr. Serjeant Best, and Mr. Parke. This venal editor tells us that an ineffectual attempt to *produce a riot* was made at Charing-Cross by [a

* It must never be forgotten that Cobbett was a jacobin and republican, (as he confesses in his Life) before he was a violent royalist.

man in a *sailor's jacket* mounting the horse and affixing the before-mentioned placard to his neck, and that "every body treated the attempt with the *scorn it deserved.*" Well might this prostituted scribbler know how the man *was dressed* who committed this silly act. Yes, yes, he was apprized of all the circumstances connected therewith, and well he might, for the thing was notoriously planned by *Cobbett and himself!!!* Doubtless these wise-acres thought by this experiment to impress the town with a wonderful idea of the *Register man's* importance, that it would be blazoned in all the public papers, and that it would afford glorious matter for comment in the next *Political Register.* However, their two first opinions proved to be most provokingly erroneous; for, according to their own confession, "the placard was treated with *the scorn it deserved*;" that is, no more notice of it was taken than if it had related to Caleb Baldwin the fighting jack-ass driver, Bill Soames the pick-pocket, or any other equally despicable, and degraded character. All then that remained was, to make use of the circumstance in the Lying Register, or *Register of Lies,* in which on the 4th of November, the *deserter of Botley* with his accustomed egotism expresses himself thus on the subject.

"Now, to be sure, if *those* who *without doubt*, caused this placard to be put up, and nobody will be at a loss to know who they are; if *these people* had not been full as much fools as knaves, or rather more; if knavery, when it overshoots itself, did not always become folly, and if this had not been the case in the present instance, *these people* never would have done a thing like this, which was, in fact, in terms the most distinct, in a manner the most impressive, in a place proverbially the most public, and on an occasion the most memorable, to proclaim . . . . . what? Why, in in the first place, that there were, at least, some persons,

who disapproved of the Jubilee ; but, in the next place, it was to proclaim, that I, the man whom they are known to hate, and whom they affect to contemn, has, in the country—what? Not *readers*; no, nor merely *partizans*, as some others have; not merely these, but that I have VOTARIES ; that is to say, that I am a man, who is almost, if not quite, *worshipped*, by a part at least, of the people of England, and that too, just after not less than *fifty thousand pounds* is well known to have been expended for the purpose of circulating gratis, publication upon the back of publication, and each teeming with the most atrocious falsehoods, the sole object of which publications was to put me down."

Pol. Reg. November 4th, p. 650.

Now, Gentlemen, leaving the notorious lie respecting the *fifty thousand* pounds out of the question, *I say*, leaving this and the self-importance of the knave who wrote it entirely out of the question, I would ask you, if ever you read such incomparable nonsense.—Such a bare-faced, impudent attempt to cause it to be believed that his majesty's ministers thought the wretch of sufficient consequence, to hire a fellow in a sailor's jacket to put up a placard (and *such* a placard) against him and his—"VOTARIES," foresooth.—The *votaries* of a miscreant convicted of bringing false charges—of deserting his king and country, of oppressing old women and poor boys, of double and treble tergiversation ; a wretch, in short, whom honor and honesty shun as they would a pestilence.—Perhaps, indeed, he may be 'WORSHIPPED,' by the miserable mendicants and paupers, whom, as the village tyrant of Botley he is continually oppressing and insulting; for in some countries the inhabitants, through fear, worship the *devil*.—But only see how the fool (he is more knave than fool), contradicts himself—Here in page 650—he talks about THOSE (who *without doubt*, caused the placard to be put up.—And again, in page 651, tells us, that "THOSE

who ordered it to be put up ordered it to be taken down."—Yet, in this very last-mentioned page, forgetting these assertions, that a *plurality* of persons (whom he wishes us to believe were connected with ministers) had done the act, he acknowledges it to have been committed by a *single individual* with whom he is *perfectly acquainted;* his words are these.—" On the *fourth night* after it was put up the STUPID WRETCH, HE is the most vain and stupid in Christendom, WHO *had ordered* it to be hoisted, found somebody to beat into his addled brains the prudent measure of *taking it down.*" It is really matter of wonder, how, after being convicted, out of his own mouth of, such baseness and falsehood, this fellow can have the face to walk the streets unmasked.

I will venture to assert that, with the exception of himself and *the man of the Statesman*, who planned the scheme with him, there is not a man in London who either knows the *dimensions* of the letters (which the former states were *three inches* long) or the *habit* of the fool who hoisted this very absurd placard—Indeed, after the most rigid enquiry, I have not been able to discover a single individual who noticed it at all.—The deserter tells us " that it is the object of all men in power to cause it to be believed that he is an unworthy person, and to write him down"—this is precisely what he formerly said of those seditious demagogues to whom he now affords his miserable support.—Read, gentlemen, read, I beseech you, the following extract from his former works, (Vol. 4, page 09.)

" *Their* (the jacobin patriots) great object is to *silence me*; to this all their endeavours point: lies, threats, spies, and informers, every engine of *jacobinical* invention is played off."

Gentlemen, if this proof of his impudence and tergiver-

sation surprize, what will be your feelings, what will be your horror of his baseness?—When you compare his present fiend-like insinuations against your beloved sovereign, and his traitorous praise of Bonaparte and his ravening hordes, with the following extracts from his former works?

In the Political Register of December 10th, 1803, he thus apologizes for not publishing a correspondence between two illustrious princes, which had appeared in all the daily papers.

"There may be some persons who will be disappointed at not seeing the correspondence in the Political Register, and who will perhaps deny that after its appearance in every other periodical work it ought to be excluded from mine. If this opinion should operate to the prejudice of my labors in general, I shall be sorry; if it should injure the cause"(*that of loyalty and anti-jacobinism*) "which I have espoused I shall still more sorely lament: but neither this consideration nor any other shall induce me either now, *or at any future period*, to be instrumental in putting such documents on record, and my further resolution is NEVER to make or admit into my work any allusion to them: a resolution which has been dictated by that profound *respect* and *veneration which I entertain* for *all* (INCLUDING THE DUKE OF YORK!!!) the royal persons concerned, and *particularly towards my* SOVEREIGN, to whom I am bound by the ties of AFFECTION, GRATITUDE and ALLEGIANCE, *and whose sacred office and person* GOD HAS COMMANDED ME TO ADORE!!!"

In his Register of November 26th, 1803, p. 760, he thus begins an article entitled "SUMMARY OF POLITICS."

"The love and veneration which I entertain for the gracious

sovereign to whom, *since I first drew my breath,** I have been indebted for that liberty and security, that civil and political happiness, which are enjoyed by his subjects, and by his subjects only, &c."

In fifty other places he has unequivocally declared that Englishmen are bound by gratitude and *their duty to their God*, to adore their sovereign, whose reign he then justly observed was distinguished alike for justice, wisdom, and virtue: And yet this hell-begotten monster now dares to insinuate that we ought to curse the lengthened reign of this most excellent of monarchs.

With regard to his present idol Buonaparte (whose gold we all know is lavishly distributed among the disaffected rascals of every nation) whom he now represents as diffusing happiness and prosperity wheresoever he conducts his victorious armies, he thus expressed himself in his Register of July 10th, 1803, p. 354. vol. 4.

"In the long black catalogue of French cruelties towards the people of other countries, those of Buonaparte and of the generals and soldiers immediately under his command, first present themselves to our attention."

He then proceeds for four pages with a list of the enormities which he had committed, if possible "painting the devil blacker than he is," and concludes with the following description of the miseries which he and his soldiers would confer upon us, were they once to conquer England, and of the happiness enjoyed under the existing government of Great Britain.

* When he wrote this, he doubtless forgot that he had a few years before written '*The Soldier's Friend*,' to excite the army to mutiny against this very *sovereign* to whom he owed so much, and had fled to Roberspierre for protection, as he now forgets having written this damning proof of his ingratitude and infamy.

"Having stripped us of every thing, even to the stoutest of our sons, and the most beautiful of our daughters, they (Buonaparte and his armed hordes) would introduce their own bloody laws with additional severities, they would divide us into separate classes, hem us up in districts; cut off all communication between friends and relations, parents and children, which latter they would breed up in their own blasphemous principles; they would affix badges upon us, *mark* us in the cheek—shave our heads, split our ears, or clothe us in the habit of slaves! And shall we submit to misery and degradation like this, rather than encounter the expences of the war, rather than meet the honorable dangers of military combat, rather than make a generous use of the means which Providence has placed in our hands?—*The sun in his whole course round the globe shines not on a spot so blessed as this great and now united kingdom*: gay and productive fields and gardens, lofty and extensive woods, innumerable flocks and herds, rich and inexhaustible mines, a mild and wholesome climate, giving health, activity and vigour to fourteen millions of inhabitants; and shall we who are thus favoured and endowed; shall we who are abundantly supplied with iron, and steel, powder, and lead; shall we who have a fleet superior to the maritime force of all the world,* and who are able to bring two millions of fighting men into the field; shall we yield up this *dear and happy land*, together with all the liberties and honors, to preserve which our fathers so often dyed the land and sea with their blood; and shall we too make this base and dastardly surrender to an enemy, whom our countrymen have defeated in every quarter of the world? No! we are not so miserably fallen."

Such, gentlemen, *were* the words of the miscreant who now *begrimes* Buonaparte with his praise, who is now endeavouring to make Englishmen regard that tyrant with admiration instead of horror; who now styles those that

* He now says, that Buonaparte could raise a fleet thrice as large as ours in three years!!!

express their indignation at the oppressor's injustice and barbarity," knaves, fools, and hirelings"—who now dares to insinuate that Englishmen would be equally happy under the government of this horrid monster as they are under the mild control of the amiable monarch to whom he acknowledges he has been indebted for every earthly happiness, to whom he declares himself bound by the ties of gratitude, affection, and allegiance, and whose sacred person and office his *God has commanded him to adore ! ! !*"

In 1803, after expressing his indignation at M. Peltier's being prosecuted for a libel on such a monster as Buonaparte, he exclaimed (*See Pol. Reg. Aug.* 28, 1803, *p.* 254, *vol.* 4.) " We shall now witness a new *species of baseness:* we shall now see newspapers, magazines, and reviews, filled with eulogiums of Buonaparte, and with censure on those who disapprove his proceedings !!!" How correctly—how impudently, how infamously, has *he himself* in 1809, fulfilled this prophecy!

But, gentlemen, will you, will any Englishman contribute to the support of such a base, tergiverse, atrocious miscreant, by purchasing his filthy Register of lies ? Will you, will any one longer have the folly—the wickedness to do this ? Will you contribute your weekly *shillings*, and (once a month at least,) your *two shillings*, for three or four pages of original sedition, abuse, falsehood, and misrepresentation, added to the stale reports of city debates and official papers which you have read weeks before for *sixpence halfpenny* in the daily papers ? No, gentlemen, you will follow the spirited example of the army; by almost every regiment of which the filthy publication has been indignantly excluded ! Let not any man exclaim—" *My shilling* cannot do him much good ! the fellow's abuse is sometimes amusing, and therefore,

though I know him to be a scoundrel, I will not discontinue a work which I have taken in so long." Remember, that by so doing you will in fact be an accessory, a maintainer of the most abandoned, lying, unprincipled monster that ever disgraced your country.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

Nov. 27, 1809. &c. &c.

THE DEN OF THIEVES.

'A MAN cannot serve two masters, Mr. Satirist: the servants of Mammon cannot be the faithful servants of the Lord. But the Lord's house is become a market for the sale of the bread of life, and they that have not money must starve and be damned. It is a very hard thing that a man is to be damned for being poor; poverty itself is a sufficient curse. Yet if the poor now cry aloud to these hardhearted mercenary ministers for the bread of life, they give them a stone; for they only suffer them to approach the outside walls of their chapels. It cannot be now said that 'the poor are filled with good things,' though it is true enough that 'the rich are sent empty away,' for the ministers take care to drain their pockets. They have made the house of the Lord a den of thieves.

But perhaps you scarcely know what I mean; you may not be initiated in the mysteries of gospel traffic: I will explain myself. You have probably observed frequent advertisements in the public papers of

chapels fitted up with every convenience of *private* pews, &c. &c. to be lett or sold. But as you are not a *serious* man, Mr. Satirist, perhaps it has never occurred to you, that the congregations which frequent these chapels are transferred with them, like the slaves upon a West India plantation; the value of every member, or the profit he brings to the concern, being carefully estimated in the valuation of the property, and the price regulated accordingly. Indeed the business is so much a matter of trade, and so profitable withal, that it is notorious that a certain *stock jobber* speculates considerably in this way. His system is very simple, though it requires some little assurance, if not talent, to unite, as he does in himself, the characters of builder, preacher, and stock-jobber. He builds a chapel, preaches in it till he has established a congregation, and then sells chapel and congregation to the best bidder. He then sets about building another in the first convenient situation he can find, where he preaches no longer than he has got together a tolerable number of customers, and then sells it as a man does his gin-shop, so much for the shop, and so much for the goodwill. This kind of speculation is indeed becoming so general, that it is expected, chapel shares and gospel stock will soon be brought into the market, and sell as currently as any other kind of stock in Change Alley.

I grieve to speak with any degree of lightness on so serious a matter, but what must be the necessary consequence of such a traffic? That will best appear from circumstances which have fallen under my own observation.

The space allotted to strangers and the poor is already in most chapels dwindled to nothing; and if it was not for the law which enacts that no one shall be denied free

access to any place of worship, I believe verily that all who could not or would not pay for their admission, would be excluded. Your friend the Rev. W. Hunt*ington*, S.S. who ought to have some bowels for the poor, has so completely choaked up with pews and *three tier of galleries* his chapel, which, according to his Bank of Faith, was built for him by Providence, that there is no space left for the stranger or the poor, save about two yards square at each door; unless, indeed, they would squat down on the stairs leading into the galleries; but who would chuse to be a squatting sinner? Yet this is what the coal-heaver calls *preaching upon the thick boughs* and this is one of the things which makes him laugh so heartily in his sleeve. These are the boughs, no doubt, among which he built his nest; and it must be owned he has feathered it pretty handsomely.

At the Tabernacle, indeed, and at Lady Huntingdon's chapel the *standing room* is pretty capacious: but then it is only in proportion; for think, Sir, what numbers of pious sisters and elect members from all parts flock thither. After all there is much thrusting and pushing to get in: and many of those who are fortunate enough to find entrance in the morning, keep their places, and for fear that any other person should gain possession of them, suffer themselves to be locked in together from morning till evening, passing the intervening hours in sweet communion of love and pious exercise.

This mercenary spirit among the ministers is matter of serious regret to the right-minded, as it may give occasion to the mockers and scoffers to indulge in their ungodly jests. For it is too true, as was said of the prophet Jeremiah, that "every one from the least even unto the greatest is given to covetousness; from the prophet even

unto the priest, every one dealeth falsely." Chapels are now conducted too much on the same system as those favourite haunts of Satan, the play-houses. No one is admitted who can't pay, or who has not a ticket; and I expect soon to see regular *chapel bills* published, stating the nature of the performance, with the names of the performers, and concluding with admittance to the galleries—to the pews——. Places to be taken of Mr.——, deacon, at the pew office. *Private pews* in the upper galleries, with convenient retiring rooms for *private devotions*, to be had either by the day, or for the season. I had occasion to notice something of this not long since at Spa-fields chapel. A gentleman, piously making his way up stairs, was stopped by the door-keeper, who told him he could not pass without a ticket. "I thought the gospel had been free to all," said the gentleman, "but pray how much is a ticket?" "Half a crown," said the door-keeper. "Oh! you sell the gospel by half-a-crown's worth do you?" replied the gentleman, and walked away. I could not help laughing at his humour, though I grieved to think that when he might be in the right road, he should be turned back, because he did not choose to pay the toll, and so, for the sake of half-a-crown, might go to the devil.

In many places of worship you are almost compelled to pay for a seat. A little while ago I had entered a very elegant chapel near St. James's-square; and as I was tolerably well dressed, for in these sinful times the pew openers, who are chiefly women, pay too much regard to the outward adorning of the man, I wondered they should see me stand so long, and not offer me a resting place; but at last I espied a board with the following inscription: "It is *expected* that those who have attended at this chapel a sufficient time to ascertain whether they

like the preaching, *do take tickets,* as they cannot be accommodated with seats without them." This is pretty nearly as broad a hint as that of the man that said to another, "I have lost a pig, and I think you have stolen it' and that is a hint for you;" but as I did not choose to be so taken in, I took myself off.

The selling of these tickets for seats during the performance of divine service, surely is an evil thing. What a handle doth it give to the ungodly to hear the preacher holding forth on the wickedness of avarice, and denouncing the terrors of Hell on all such as buy or sell on the Lord's day, at the very moment that his pew opener is selling tickets of admission, and he is carefully watching to see that he is not cheated in the account of persons admitted! I remember once seeing a young man at a chapel in Holywell Mount, very busy in dispensing tickets, receiving the money for them, and giving change to a vast number of persons whom he admitted, and then casting up his book to see if it tallied with his money. All this was in the midst of the service; yet such is the force of habit, that he contrived generally to join in his responses with the rest of the congregation. I was close to him, and could distinctly see and hear all that passed; and I perfectly remember hearing him say as he cast up his account, "Three and three *is* six, and three *is* nine."—"*Good Lord deliver us!*"—and immediately afterwards—"Ten, twenty, thirty, forty"—"*We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!*" Nobody seemed to think there was any thing odd in this, though I confess it had a very profane sound to my ears. It is much the same as if a taylor should preface his bill with some words of scripture, as, "be ye clothed in righteousness," and end it with "but I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." If the favour of the Lord is to be

gained by arithmetic, he might be worshipped most fitly in a counting-house: but money-changers were forbidden the temple by the Lord himself. As the worthy *suppressors of vice* do not interfere to prevent this practice, and yet prevent barbers from shaving on the Lord's day, sinful mockers, who consider them in league with the gospel dealers, will say they do this to prevent any money going beside their own shop.

But these traders in the gospel have other ways of coming at your purse beside this. When you have got quietly into your seat, and are expecting your belly-full of the bread of life for your money, you are not to fancy that you are to come off without a few extras. It was but the other day, that I heard a minister preaching for a collection for the support of the chapel, that is for the support of himself, say that he was sure that *every real christian* would contribute if it was in his power, and that he could see by the appearance of his congregation that there were *none present* but could *afford* to give something: thereby insinuating pretty broadly that all who did not give were no christians, and that they who passed the plate without dropping in something, were jogging full trot to Hell. I could not help smiling at a man who put a halfpenny into the plate, observing at the same time, "that copper was the fittest change for brass."

So that you see, Mr. Satirist, the gospel like the law, though open to every body is only open to such as can pay for it: except, indeed, people chuse to go to the regular parish churches; but how is it to be expected that any should ever go to them, who have been accustomed to the warm devotion and the secret body bonds which unite the members who sit under gospel ministry: the church of England allows no LOVE FEASTS!

Thine to serve,

EMANUEL.

LORD GRENVILLE's ELECTION.

To the Members of the University of Oxford.

GENTLEMEN,

THREE noble persons having offered themselves as candidates for our chancellorship, which the late lamented Duke of Portland so long and so honorably filled, it is our duty to weigh well their respective claims, that we may elect the man best qualified for that exalted and important office, and thereby maintain the dignity, and prove the independence of our ancient university.—I, gentlemen, have already done this, and as many of you may neither have time nor inclination for nice calculations and distinctions, I will state to you my reasons for having decided that LORD GRENVILLE is best entitled to our support.

In the first place, his Lordship is already so encumbered with offices, titles, and pensions, that his offering to take upon himself the troubles, dignities, and patronage of Chancellor, can only result from his great condescension and his excessive love for the University of Oxford.

In the second, his Lordship's *universal* attachment to religion, and his anxiety to improve our protestant faith by a *cross* of the Roman Catholic, (in like manner as his Grace of Bedford, and other experimental agriculturists, improve our wool and mutton by crossing Merinos with South Downs) render him a most desirable person to preside over an institution, the principal object of

which is the advancement of civil and religious learning.

I shall say nothing about his humility, meekness, generosity, patriotism, and philanthropy, (which, if the maxim be true, that the value of all things consists in their rarity must be inestimable,) because I humbly conceive that those virtues are not indispensible qualifications. But, gentlemen, I have reasons far stronger than any I have mentioned for my preference of Lord Grenville.—We are commanded by holy writ, "to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts;" Now, although this sacred injunction undoubtedly extends to corporate bodies collectively, as well as to individuals, the former are seldom enabled to manifest their obedience, and it being absolutely necessary that all the world should be convinced of the *piety*, (I must not on the *pr esent occasion* say *orthodoxy*) of the university of Oxford, its members should on every *possible* occasion *practically* prove their respect for the *doctrines of Scripture.* And when shall we again have such a glorious opportunity, as at the approaching election?

Not three years have elapsed since we *unanimously* expressed our indignation at the conduct of Lord Grenville, and congratulated our sovereign(that sovereign whose will and *whose wishes* he still opposes with *Roman* firmness,) on his dismissal from the Cabinet; and if we now elect him our Chancellor, if we now choose for our president, for our *foster parent* the man whom we so recently reprobated, and so pointedly insulted, the devil's in it if we shall not convince all mankind that we "bear no malice nor hatred in *our* hearts;" or at least that our patred and malice only endure *two years and three quarters!*

Let us then at once prove our attachment to scripture and Lord Grenville: let us elect the man who the Morning

Chronicle assures us, is the most profound scholar; and let us hail, as our Chancellor, the persevering friend of *Catholic* emancipation, to whom eight *protestant* bishops have promised their support.*

Thus shall we obtain (what every Oxonian must be anxious to possess,) the approbation and applause of the *Marchioness of Buckingham, and the Pope of Rome!*

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY TERMTROT, M.A.

Nov. 27. Brazen Nose Col.

COLONEL WARDLE.

THIS unhappy man having failed in what the attorney general very properly denominated his "*fishing motion*" for a new trial, has most unfairly endeavoured to prejudice the public mind against the Messrs. Wrights, (whom together with his *ci-devant* favourite, Mrs. Clarke, he has had the audacity to indict for a *conspiracy*,) by publishing the affidavits of himself and his gang, in his infamous newspaper the STATESMAN, the editor of which impudently observes that a perusal of their contents will, he apprehends, leave but little doubt on the minds

* Surely this must be a mistake, unless, to obtain the object of his ambition, Lord Grenville have given these, his episcopal supporters, *that pledge* which he arrogantly refused to his sovereign. This is not improbable; for his lordship could not *serve his party* by withholding it from the *bishops*.—SAT.

of the public as to the real state of the facts."—What does this venal wretch mean? Did not the attorney-general when he shewed cause against the "fishing motion" expressly state that he held in his hand affidavits not only of the plaintiff and his former witnesses, but others which had been made by most disinterested and respectable persons, supported by incontrovertible documents, which flatly contradicted all that had been sworn by Wardle and his gang?—And was he not, at the plaintiff's request, about to read them, when the court very properly interfered, observing, that, as Wright and his witnesses had been indicted for a conspiracy it would be extremely unfair to compel them unnecessarily to expose the nature of their defence to their prosecutor?

How then are the public to form any fair opinion as to the "real state of the facts" when they have only seen the affidavits on *one side* the question? Their publication we pronounce to be a base, cowardly, and disgraceful attempt to prejudice the public, and influence the minds of those who may be on the jury at the approaching trial. This is not the only attempt of the kind which Wardle and his gang have had recourse to. The ridiculous correspondence between him and his attorney, who lives next door to him, relative to the *falsehoods* he had told, (for *falsehoods* they must now be universally acknowledged) of his counsel Mr. Serjeant Best and Mr. Parke, was evidently published with the same intent. Glennie and Dodd have certainly sworn roundly and boldly. We *know them both*; and the public will very soon be enabled to judge what degree of credit such characters are intitled to. COBBETT recently asserted, that nothing could be *more base or more diabolical than to attempt to prejudice against a man those persons who may happen to be the jury on his trial.*" See *Pol. Reg. Jan.*

14th. 1809, *p.* 45, and yet nevertheless with his *usual consistency*, he, also, has basely and diabolically endeavoured to do so with regard to Mrs. Clarke and the Wrights, by copying these affidavits into his Register of last Saturday, and we will venture to predict that in his *next*, which will be published the day after these observations (written the 27*th day* of November) shall appear, the miscreant will further attempt to effect this most "base and wicked purpose."

TIM BROWN AND MISS TAYLOR.

MR. SATIRIST,

I HAD heard such a dreadful account of your work from my quondam friends, Mr. Timothy Brown, and William Cobbett, that I could not bring myself to peruse a single number till the beginning of this month, when being on a visit in the country, I took up a neat looking volume, and opened it, without even looking at the title page: finding it contained some dreadful facts against the latter, and some pointed and amusing ridicule on the conduct of the former of my above-mentioned acquaintances, I turned back to see what entertaining publication I was reading, when to my great surprize, I discovered that it was THE SATIRIST.—This did not, however, induce me to lay it down, and I very soon found that *Tim* and *Will* had good reason to abuse it, for surely, whoever reads your pages must laugh most heartily at the banker, and most cordially execrate the convicted *deserter and false accuser*. I instantly determined to cut both—went to my bookseller

on my return to town, ordered a complete set of *the Satirist*, and put the last Number into my pocket, which I opened the moment I reached home, and read, to my great chagrin, your observations and insinuations relative to Miss Taylor's subscription! Alas, Sir, I am one of the flats whom Cobbett and Brown persuaded to contribute to their fund, by representing the object of their pretended charity, as a most ill-used, prudent, truth-telling, industrious young lady. I enquired into the truth of your statement, and found it in a great degree correct. I am told, indeed, that Mr. Tim Brown stormed and blustered, and swore he would publish the real state of the case, and give up the trust immediately, rather than have it suspected that he wanted to keep the paltry money in his hands; but this does not satisfy my doubts. By the bye, you by no means insinuated that it was retained *by him* from avaricious motives, although you hinted that the retention *might* be for the purpose of influencing Miss T.'s conduct as to withholding her evidence on behalf of a certain female friend and others at an approaching trial, which, after the dirty expedients Colonel Wardle has had recourse to, appears very probable. In corroboration of the fact, I learnt that Miss Taylor was absolutely sent out of the way by *somebody*, for fear Mrs. Clarke would subpœna her, which would, indeed, place the Colonel in a very awkward predicament, for should she swear any thing that made against him, he would be compelled to say that this pure, spotless witness, who, as Cobbett assured us, when she delivered her *parol* evidence in the House of Commons, "was adorned with truth and sensibility,"* was not to be believed *upon her oath*;

* See the Political Register of March 11, 1809, p. 384.

as he has done this already with respect to Mrs. Clarke, it cannot be supposed that either modesty, decency, or conscience, would restrain him from acting in a similar manner towards Miss Taylor.

Just as I was closing this, the *British Press* newspaper arrived, in which I read a paragraph of a most extraordinary nature, evidently sent to the editor by Mr. Timothy Brown, who pretends that the reason why the injured, prudent, industrious, pure, and virtuous Miss Taylor has not received either her money or its value, is that some difficulties have occurred in the purchase of an annuity for her and her sister, and states that she has already had six hundred pounds, viz. *three hundred* to pay her debts, and *three hundred* to enable her to establish a boarding school, which last sum, it is confessed, this *prudent*, virtuous, *industrious* young lady, who stands "*adorned* with truth and sensibility," instead of appropriating to the intended purpose, *imprudently* spent at a fashionable watering place called Broadstairs!—O! Mr. Satirist, how have I been humbugged!!—But, Sir, unless something *satisfactory* and *definitive* be immediately done, it is the firm resolution not only of myself, but of several of my friends who have been similarly deceived, to call a meeting of Miss Taylor's subscribers by public advertisement, and to insist that the money we have subscribed shall either be applied as *we* think proper, or returned into our pockets.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ONE OF MISS TAYLOR'S SUBSCRIBERS.

Russell Square, Nov. 20, 1809.

A SIMPLE MODE OF PREVENTING AN EXCESS OF POPULATION.

MR. SATIRIST,

A VERY considerable degree of alarm has been excited in the minds of many political economists by Mr. Malthus's Essay on Population, in which that profound writer has attempted to demonstrate by various calculations, according to arithmetical and geometrical progression, that if the people of this country are allowed to go on as they do now, there will, in a short time, be more mouths than food to fill them. Now, Sir, as his calculations may be correct, and as there is nothing agreeable in the idea of starvation, it is natural enough that we, who are in the world, should be anxious to keep those out of it that are likely to interfere with our comforts or convenience. Some have suggested as a check to this increasing evil, a renewal of the monastic system, to any extent that shall be thought necessary; the members of both sexes to be chosen by ballot from such as are between the ages of sixteen and fifty. To this plan, however, there are many objections; but one quite sufficient, in my opinion, is, that it would be inflicting a certain misery with a view to prevent a possible one, and sacrificing the happiness of the present generation to posterity. I have consulted many of my friends, on the subject, who, as well as myself, are all under twenty, and we are all agreed that we have as much right and occasion to have husbands as our mamas had; at least to have lovers, for the ceremony is

a secondary consideration: and we are resolved to assert our rights whenever oportunities shall be offered.

Others, influenced, I suspect, more by their own desires than any views of public utility, have proposed polygamy as a preventative of the evil predicted by Mr. Malthus; observing that in those countries where it is used, the population is never excessive, but always rather under than above the proper level. But there is reason to doubt whether the thinness of population in those countries may not rather be owing to other causes than those assigned; such as the climate, and diseases incident to it, modes and habits of life, and peculiar customs, all tending to enervate and destroy the vital principle. A single glance at the œconomy of our poultry yard will shew the absurdity of the proposition. Though only one male is in general allotted to half a dozen hens, it is not found but that every hen has as numerous a brood, as she would have, if she paired as birds in their wild and natural state do: but reverse the proportion, and only allow one hen to several males, and it is evident that you can only have one brood of chickens. It is on this principle then, that the plan which I would submit is founded: for though there is much reason in the arguments of those who contend for a perfect community of wives and husbands, instancing the example of our ancestors, the ancient Britons and many savage nations at this day, to prove its effect in keeping down the amount of population, yet some objections might be raised against this, as well as other modes that have been hinted, but which it is not necessary to mention here.

The plan, which I would wish to see carried into execution, has long been adopted in the East, and its efficacy to produce the object desired, is proved by its present operation. You have alluded to the practice before, Mr.

Satirist, in one of your former numbers; and the authority on which it stands is unquestionable. Captain Turner, in the account of his embassy to Tibet, for the publication of which the university of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of LL. D. has stated the following facts. "Here we find," says he, "a strange practice, that of polandry, if I may so call it, universally prevailing, and see one female associating her fate and fortune with all the brothers of a family, without any restriction of age, or of numbers. The choice of a wife is the privilege of the elder brother; and singular as it may seem, I have been assured, that a Tibetian wife is as jealous of her connubial rites, though thus joined to a numerous party of husbands, as the despot of an Indian Zennana is of the favours of his imprisoned fair. Under circumstances so unfavourable, it is no wonder that the business of encreasing the species is but coldly carried on. Marriage, in fact, amongst them, seems to be considered rather as an odium, a heavy burthen, the weight and obloquy of which, a whole family are disposed to lessen, by sharing it among them. The number of husbands is not defined or restricted within any limits. A family resident in the neighbourhood of Teshoo Lomboo was pointed out to me, in which five brothers were then living together very happily with one female under the same connubial compact."

Now, Sir, here is at once evidence of the practicability of such a plan, and of its good effects. If then the danger exists, which Mr. Malthus apprehends, let it be adopted; where there are not a sufficient number of brothers in a family, an equal number of well-made healthy young men, not related, will do as well. It may be convenient

to restrict the number of husbands allowed to any woman in general to six; but as having proposed the plan, I submit that I should have a fair title to a dozen.

CREANDA.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

A HOAX.

SOME little time ago, a wicked wag wrote a letter in the name of Mr. Michael K—, (the well known singer and music-seller,) to the Dowager Countess of C—, requesting permission for him (Mr. K.) to wait on her the following day at *one o'clock*, on "very particular private business," and at the same time dispatched another in her ladyship's name to Mr. K. requesting to see him at the same hour. Mr. K. accordingly attended at the appointed time, and found the countess anxiously waiting his arrival. After the usual salutations were over, her ladyship requested her visitor to take a seat beside her on the sofa, where for the space of five minutes they sat in a state more easily imagined by those who are acquainted with the parties than described by us, each expecting the other to communicate the immediate object of the interview. At length Lady C.'s patience became quite exhausted, and she eagerly exclaimed, "Come, Mr. K. *out with it!!* what's the use of *shilly shallying* in this way?"

The man of music was astonished, but having a very fine pedal harp to dispose of, he imagined that the countess wished to become a purchaser, and therefore observed, "That he presumed her ladyship, before matters were finally settled, would like to see his instrument?"—"Your instrument, Sir!" cried her ladyship, "What *instrument?*" Mr. K. begged pardon if he had mistaken the object of her ladyship's wishes, and politely enquired what he could do for her, and for what purpose she had honoured him with the interview? The lady now became outrageous, and had not Mr. K. exhibited the note of invitation, which produced an ecclairissement, he would probably have fallen a victim to the indignation of the Dowager.

EPIGRAM BY A NOTORIOUS PROJECTOR.

Good Satirist cease 'gainst my projects to write
And let me bamboozle the to wn,
Remember you can't wash the black-a-more white
Nor make the man *fair* who is BROWN!

Lady ——, a personage of large dimensions and little virtue, being at a fashionable watering place, was extremely annoyed at the publicity of those places of convenience, to which ladies as well as gentlemen are occasionally obliged to resort, they being built back to back, and wishing to preserve one entirely for her own use, wrote on a card the following words—"NO ADMITTANCE HERE, *go round about,*" and fastened it to the door of the sacred temple. A wag who saw it, and knew

the hand-writing, took it down and carefully preserved it till her ladyship entered the public ball-room in the evening, " arrayed in all her charms," when he ingeniously contrived to affix it to that part of her person which projected farthest *behind*, on which appearsd to the great amusement of the company, in her ladyship's own hand-writing, and in letters large and long, the words "NO ADMITTANCE HERE, GO ROUND ABOUT!"—Whether any gentleman profited by the information we have not been informed.

Our readers have heard of a certain patriotic colonel's tour to the Martello towers with Mrs. Clarke: they have also heard it hinted that the colonel came *en chemise* into her bed room at the inn where they slept the first night to *offer his services*, which were however rejected, but they have not heard of the following fact that *actually occurred on the occasion.* The colonel previously to his going to bed had drunk a good deal of burnt brandy, which made him very thirsty, he therefore requested permission to have a little of Mrs. Clarke's water out of the ewer which stood on a piece of *mahogany furniture* by the bedside. To this the lady consented, on condition of his returning immediately to his own chamber—the room was dark—but the colonel contrived to find a glass, filled it out of the *supposed* ewer, and drank a copious draught literally of Mrs. Clarke's *water*—for he had mistaken another chamber utensil for a water jug!—*A positive fact.*

*** *The Index and Title-page of Vol. V. will be given* GRATIS *in our next Number.*

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Archæologia: or Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Antiquity. Published by the Society of Antiquaries of London. Volume 16. Part 1. London. 1809.

We feel sincere regret in contemplating the work before us; inasmuch as we are concerned to find, that an incorporated society of Great Britain, including some hundred fellows, is reduced to so extremely low an ebb. For the purpose of eking out 76 leaves, this chosen band are unable, it appears, from the stores of their *own minds*, to fulfil the chief purpose for which they were originally embodied—the elucidation of the antiquarian remains of their native country; but are under the necessity of trusting in a great measure to a depositary of ancient manuscripts, and of publishing the first handful of rubbish they can lay hold of—exclusive of which, it must also be observed, that this most laborious and laudable task has occupied the society upwards of three years!! Whatever causes may operate towards these disgraceful circumstances; whether the fellows are naturally inclined to dosing, or unfit for the situation which they occupy; whether the council are at logger-heads amongst themselves, or whether jealousies and heartburnings have taken pos-

session of their souls—it is unnecessary for us to inquire; all that we now have to do with them relates to the *learned* and *interesting* half volume before us.

Let us not however for a moment be considered as adversaries to the study of antiquities, we have never shewn ourselves as such, but on the other hand have uniformly been its warm advocates, when pursued in a liberal and enlarged point of view. We wish on all occasions to rescue it from modern prejudices, to shew in how great a degree it illustrates facts of remote history, and unlocks the hidden stores of literature; to guide those who profess an attachment to it, to objects of laudable curiosity, and in short to see accuracy and profoundness of research united with sound and discriminating judgment.

Under such impressions it cannot be surprizing that we should set our faces against that *puny* and *bastard* branch of the science, which displays itself, in a taste for *grubbing*, and which, we are compelled to observe, so conspicuously marks too many of the antiquaries of the present day. It never was our wish that one of the biographers of Dryden should so far trouble himself as to ascertain *with correctness* that this illustrious poet actually did 'eat tarts with Mad-n Reeve at the Mulberry garden.' We never so far blushed at our ignorance, as to solicit the commentators of Shakespear, to give a *laboured discussion* upon the *precise* meaning of 'a Gibbe Cat,' nor that the works of the first dramatic writer in the world should be made, what they indisputably have been, a vehicle for obscene trash and nonsensical illustration.—When men are occupied in important undertakings, why will they degrade themselves, by descending to such frivolous enquiries? This rage for the revival of trifles extends in a peculiar degree into the province of bibliography,

which within the last few years has become one of the most favourite pursuits of English antiquaries. In the hands of able men, there is indeed no question but that the re-editing of works, which are at once rare and valuable, is a task of real and extensive utility; and when we meet with the taste and judgment of Warton or Tyrwhitt, conjoined with the laboured accuracy of Ritson, we will always unfeignedly thank the editors. But we would ask what is the necessity of perpetually raking together and republishing in hotpressed quartos and octavos, works of a description similar to the 'Arraignment of lewd idle and froward women;' or the 'merrie and concieted jests of George Peele, Gentleman.' The resurrection of such trumpery can answer, we affirm, no good end whatsoever; it can only gratify idle curiosity, and will inevitably reflect discredit upon that age in which such fooleries are encouraged.

The Volume of the Archæologia, upon which we are now engaged, and which, from its general character has produced the foregoing remarks, consists of nineteen papers: ten of which are original, and the remainder copies, or extracts from ancient manuscripts; leaving a majority of *one* only in favour of the former. We rather suppose, but at the same time we speak with great deference and modesty, that we can in some measure explain to our readers this seeming partiality for the republication of musty charters, surveys, and inventories. Mr. Lysons, who appears to be the director of the society, occupies the situation of keeper of the records in the Tower, and finding, we presume, what we have already hinted to be the case, that the BLACK LETTER gentry under his care, are somewhat sleepy, he is necessitated, in general, from the indolence and the nature of his office, to furnish a paper himself, at

each successive meeting, for the edification of his brother F. S. A's : no matter (as it plainly appears) whether it be good, bad, or indifferent. If a choice fragment of history *should accidentally* turn up in the course of his researches it is well ; otherwise a stupid warrant or wardrobe account must suffice, and the fellows will assemble, yawn over it, and disperse ; in progress of time we suppose it is deemed necessary that an additional volume of the Archæologia should be published, and if stupid papers *only* have been *produced*, the same stupid papers, in the natural course of events, come to be *printed*. But let us ask the society, let us ask those learned and respectable men, who are members of it, whether these proceedings are altogether creditable, and whether we have not, in common with the rest of our countrymen, some right to protest against them ? How greatly must the public in general of this nation and foreign antiquaries laugh at such a publication as the present one, and what opinion will they form of the *second incorporated society of Great Britain*? As we are now upon the subject we will just refer to their charter, which sets forth in the preamble that ' the study of antiquity, and the history of former times, has ever been esteemed highly commendable and useful, *not only to improve the minds of men, but also to incite them to virtuous and noble actions*, and such as may hereafter render them *famous and worthy examples to late posterity.*' The fellows have surely never read this passage, or they would certainly have profited by the justness of the observations. Are we to ' be incited to virtuous and noble actions' by an account of the bull running at Tutberry, (vol. II.) will our ' minds be improved ' by an elucidation of the ' ceremony of drinking ale at wakes.' (Vol. XI.)

The most precious morsel of antiquity, however, con-

tained in the present volume, and to which we ought in an especial degree to direct the attention of our readers, is the eighth paper, communicated by the indefatigable Mr. Lysons, from his never-failing storehouse, the Record office in the Tower. It is entitled "copy of a roll of the expences of king Edward the first, at Rhuddlan castle in Wales, in the tenth and eleventh year of his reign," and comprehends no less than forty-seven pages out of an hundred and fifty-two, *nearly a third of the whole book*. Of its intrinsic value, we shall leave our readers to form their own opinion, by presenting a few extracts for their perusal, which we selected in a cursory inspection of its contents.

"Paid to William Bird for work about the stewpond of the Castle - - -	8	0
"For the pay of four men filling the said stewpond with water - -	0	8
"For the carriage of figs and raisins sent to Aberconway - - - -	0	1
"For mending the locks of the Castle -	0	4
"To a certain poor woman by way of gift from the Queen - - - -	2	0
"For one pound of pepper - - -	1	0

The two best papers in the work are written by Dr. Milner and the Rev. Samuel Greathead, the first is an account of an ancient manuscript of St. John's gospel, and the second comprehends a subject of great interest, being "inquiries respecting the origin of the inhabitants of the British islands in three letters," but of which our limits will not permit us to give a proper analysis.

Mr. Lysons has likewise shewn himself fully competent to produce better things than the dry papers to which

we have before alluded. The fourteenth paper is an original production of this gentleman, wherein he gives a pleasing "account of Roman antiquities discovered at Caerhun in Caernarvonshire," illustrated by some engravings. An interesting portion of the principality is here brought forwards to our attention, and being disposed to commend, where praise is really due, we felt sorry in stumbling upon the following prosing and unnecessary paragraph, which has surely few pretensions to the situation that it occupies.

"In the year 1800, Colonel Greville favoured me with an introduction to the Rev. Hugh Davies Griffith, the amiable and hospitable proprietor of Caerhun, from whom I received a pressing invitation to assist at the investigation of the Roman remains above mentioned, which he very obligingly promised to defer till it should suit me to go down for that purpose. In consequence of this invitation, I went into Caernarvonshire in the latter end of July, 1801: and the morning after my arrival, Mr. Griffiths, having got together as many labourers as could be spared from the hay-making, we proceeded to investigate these remains, &c."

On the whole, we can only repeat the opinion, with which we set out, that we are *extremely* disappointed with the part before us. When taken in the aggregate, it presents a mass of dull uninteresting matter: it reflects no credit upon the society from which it originates, and it adds little or nothing to our stock of antiquarian literature. We earnestly exhort the fellows to consult their reputation with more attention, than to permit another portion of the Archæologia to proceed from the press of a similar description. If they wish to maintain a character of respectability, their lucubrations must either attain a higher style, or they had much better be confined solely to the hearing of the antiquarian divan in Somerset-Place.

The Setting Sun, or the Devil among the Placemen, &c. &c. &c. By Cervantes Hogg, Esq. 3 Vols. pp. 413!!! Hughes.

"BLESSINGS on the man," says Sancho, "who first invented sleep, for it covers a man all over like a cloak!" and "blessings on the man," may some of our modern writers say, who first invented books, for they sometimes enable a poor *devil*, though *not* among the placemen, to procure a dinner!" by the way, if there *has been* a *devil* among the placemen, we presume it must have been Squire Hogg's *printer's* devil, who after raking the gutters which run from the public offices, has fobbed off this simple squire with some of the waste sheets of his master's scandalous productions, and persuaded him that they were *spick and span new* anecdotes, and fit to be served up ready cut and dry as *winter feed* for John *Bull*, and some of the horned cattle in the neighbourhood of Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

It has been said that Sterne wrote his *Tristram Shandy* as a kind of introduction to his *Sermons*; in some such manner, this *Hogg*, (whom, by the bye, we hope soon to see *preparing for bacon*,*) has with the help of scissars, paste, and an old file of Morning Chronicles trumped up his work as a sort of preface to an apology for Colonel Wardle in his *connection* with that *lady*, whose evidence and cross-examination *on oath* was much clearer than a cross-examination in *another place*, even though aided by

* If our correspondent will now do *his* duty of *cutting him up*, we have no doubt of the *other* operation being speedily performed; but this Hogg will nevertheless make wretched *bacon*, having always been irrecoverably LATHY.—SAT.

the whispers of a friend. Much animadversion was engendered some time ago, in the literary world by a *post-liminious* preface; in this sage performance, however, on turning over the title-page, we are presented with a *post-script*, a kind of *national* blunder, for which we suppose this *manufacturer* may be indebted to his friend Peter the wild boy, if the said Peter is not himself one of the *doers* of the work; and an address to the British public in behalf of Colonel Wardle next appears, in which with a bare-faced impudence we are told that *gratitude* should rather induce us to think well of the Colonel, "than to believe a woman, who from her own confession, subsists on the profits of adulterous prostitution, and wreaks her vengeance on all those who have the courage to resist her extravagant demands!!!" Such is the language of Colonel Wardle's apologist respecting a woman whom the Colonel himself has held up to the world as a paragon of public virtue and an injured innocent; this apologist, however, sees not the *dilemma* in which his friend the Colonel is placed, and seems even forgetful of one of *his own elegant* proverbs, "that what is sauce for the *goose* is sauce for the *gander*."

As our motive in noticing this production is not for the purpose of *reviewing*, but of holding it up to merited execration, it is scarcely necessary to point out instances of the author's *every day ignorance*, for where so much *impudence* is displayed, our readers will allow the work full credit for its concomitant, yet we cannot help glancing at a *vulgar error* which shews how little he is acquainted with the world beyond the limits of his own garret. The beau monde of *Grub-street* and *Camden Town*, who never approach nearer to fashionable life than the one shilling gallery is to the boxes, except upon such a

happy occasion as the present, when the manager's orders have introduced them into the *first circles*, imagine that every nobleman is distinguished by an order of knighthood; "as for the nobility one might imagine that it had rained peers for a night, from observing so many mushrooms spring up in the morning. There is no such thing as walking a mile through the streets of the metropolis without running one's nose against a star:" it is not for his ignorance indeed that we despise him, but there is a depravity about the heart of this man which can be equalled only by his language. We shall not, however, sully our pages by a specimen of it, but merely apply to this writer his own words—"this fellow was so fond of the dunghill that he certainly must have sprung from it, and the grossness of his ideas betray the baseness of his origin!"

It is an old saying, "give him rope and he will hang himself," a proverb which, if it had not been on such a *ticklish* subject, we might have found amongst the number retailed by Squire Hogg; its application, however, is completely fulfilled in that part of the work which he calls an address to the public. Here he tells us that before the House of Commons, Mrs. Clarke "unequivocally declares *(upon her honor)* that she is actuated neither by malice, nor the hopes of gain; that she neither has received or expects to receive any remuneration for her testimony." He next informs us that "Colonel Wardle, a gentleman of *acknowledged honour*, also denied that he ever induced her to give her testimony by any promise of reward. Now, it happens luckily for Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, that not having been examined *on oath* before the House of Commons, this self-contradiction is in the eye of the law only prevarication; had

it been otherwise, a jury would in all probability have deemed it perjury !!!" Truly, the Colonel must be much obliged to this apologist, for if Mary Anne Clarke's *oath* is not to be believed, we trust that no person of common sense will place reliance on the *honor* of such a woman in support of charges against a lover who had "*turned her up*;" which Squire Hogg informs us is the modern fashionable *keeping* phrase; some people indeed have said that the Colonel *turned her up* also, we shall wave that however, just to observe that if her oath *is* to be believed, on which *one* jury has already decided, as it was confirmed by clear and positive collateral evidence, clear and positive as to the *very point itself*, why then the *Colonel's honour* must be nearly in as great danger as it was upon a late *cross-examination*, when he denied any knowledge of Donovan's letters until *reminded* of them by Mrs. Clarke's evidence !

This *extraordinary defence* winds up with three questions, which, in humble imitation of the *Socratic* mode, the querist attempts to answer himself,

Question 1. "What motive could Colonel Wardle have in his visits to Mrs. Clarke?" Here he answers that, the "only use he made of Mrs. C." was on account of the investigation: he does not tell us, however, *what motive* led to the investigation.

Question 2. "How did that investigation turn out?" To the Colonel's honour, he tells us, as proved by the general thanks; here however he begs the question, and forgets that the trial had not then taken place.

Question 3. "Well—what then has since transpired to alienate your confidence and gratitude from him? Here the querist is obliged to give a detail of the occurrences which have transpired *since* the investigation, a detail which

we think, even glossed over as it is by Squire Hogg's conjectures, is a sufficient answer to *this* question. The squire, however, soon loses sight of both question and answer, in a crude attempt to justify a *love of popularity*; but it is unnecessary to follow him through his doublings and crossings, for though he thinks that he has cunningly *stole away*, the scent is so strong that the dullest hound must nose him, and they will find him but carrion at last, and always LATHY !!!

Here then shall we leave Squire Hogg, nor would we have followed him so far were it not that we perceive this miserable production is intended as a text-book for the party, for whose obliquity of ideas, so analogous to *Mr. Pieter's* obliquity of vision, it is well adapted, and we have no doubt that it will form the ground-work of some future two shillings' worth from the pen of *Mister* Cobbett.

Horæ Ionicæ, a Poem, descriptive of the Ionian Islands, and the adjacent Coast of Greece. By Walter Rodwell Wright, Esq. Longman, Hurst, &c. 1809. 8vo. pp. 67.

A poem written among scenes which we regard as the birth-place of genius and science, cannot but be highly interesting to every classical reader, and while we admire the general elegance of the style, the correctness of the versification, and the happy illustrations from ancient geography and history, in the notes, we cannot but lament that the work had not been extended to a greater length, especially that part of it which is called the postscript, containing "cursory observations on the Romaic or modern Greek language as it is spoken in the Ionia

islands." From what we can draw from the author's very short remarks on this curious subject, confined within the limits of only four pages, we are convinced how very capable he was of extending to a much greater length a subject he shews himself so well qualified to investigate, and which must have afforded much amusement as well as information to every admirer of the native language of the Muses.

It seems surprizing that among so many men of learning who have occasionally visited Greece, for the purpose of collecting relics of ancient sculpture and architecture, and have traced the Troad for the purpose of illustrating the topography of the battles of the Iliad, none should have given their peculiar attention to the remaining wrecks of the Greek language. We particularly lament that this has been almost entirely overlooked in the Grecian and Ionian researches of Dr. Chandler, than whom no one could be better qualified for such a task. What may further be said on this subject will be reserved for the remarks on the postscript, our first attention will naturally be directed to the poem, and the notes that accompany it.

The following lines, which give no unfavourable specimen of Mr. Wright's poetical abilities, are particularly interesting from their subject. Mentioning Crissida, a small stream of Corfu, the ancient Phœacia, afterwards called Corcyra by the Greek historians, which he supposes a corruption of χρυσοῦς "golden water," he proceeds—

"Far to the right as from Crissida's source
I trace the Naiad thro' her devious course,
O'er the declining hills in prospect new,
The distant ocean bursts upon my view.

There stands for ever rooted in the sea,
The monument of Neptune's stern decree,
Whose rugged lines a ship's rude semblance keep
And still it seems to plow the foaming deep.
Just at the point where parting rocks divide,
And yield reluctant entrance to the tide,
The curving shores on either side give place
And fold the waters in their wide embrace;
A beauteous lake the spreading waters form
Secure from winds, impervious to the storm."

To this is subjoined in a note, "The Ship of Ulysses, as it is still denominated, is another convincing proof that the Phœacia of Homer was not merely a picture of his imagination. The situation of this little rock in the midst of a narrow channel which forms the entrance of the old harbour, suggests most naturally the idea of a vessel arrested at the moment when she is entering the port: and its size and appearance are by no means incongruous with this poetical metamorphosis."

The unhappy fate inflicted on the miserable but brave inhabitants of Corcyra, by that most abominable of all tyrants, the democracy of Athens, is thus feelingly described by our poet:

"Reckless of life, whose every charm was past,
As wither'd oaks defy the stormy blast,
The vanquish'd chiefs superior to their fate
In Ptichia's isle their final doom await;
While thirst of blood inflames the madd'ning crowd
Fired with revenge, of guilty conquest proud.

O mercy, dearest attribute of heaven!
Best pledge of hope, for mortal solace given!

In noble breasts thy pure emotions live,
Alone who know to pity and forgive;
But when plebeian rage in evil hour
With step profane invades the throne of power,
Unheard thy voice, unmarked thy pleading tears,
Urged by his hate, and counselled by his fears,
The iron despot tracks his path with blood,
And proudly tramples on the great and good.

Here let the Muse in pity drop the veil
Nor paint the sequel of the horrid tale,
Nor tell how 'midst her sons' funereal fires
Corcyra's ancient liberty expires."

The cruel and insidious policy of the Athenians in this dreadful affair is recorded by one of the first of the Athenian writers, Thucydides: but we are informed in a note, that "the beautiful little island of Ptichia, now called *Seoglio di Vido,*" was doomed also to experience the barbarity of modern democracy. It was highly cultivated, and covered with vineyards and olive groves before the year 1800, when the French destroyed the plantations and reduced it to a barren waste.

Though to find fault is the least agreeable part of the critic's duty, it is impossible not to censure this couplet,

"And great Timoleon, freedom's dearest son,
And the unconquer'd soul of Phocion."

The striking defect of the last line must hurt the ear of every person who reads it. How Mr. Wright, who has shewn he has so correct an ear for English versification, could have written it, seems perfectly unaccountable.

In the postscript the author first notices "the differ-

ence between the English and the Romaic (modern Greek) pronunciation of the Greek," properly prefacing such notice by declining "to decide how far the modern system of pronunciation may correspond with the usage of the classical ages." Such decision we deem ourselves by no means competent to give. For though we admire what Mr. Wright calls "the full sonorous cadence which early habits have taught us to admire in the English pronunciation of the Greek language, we will by no means venture to assert from that circumstance that such was the pronunciation of ancient Greece. The same early habits have taught us to prefer the English pronunciation of Latin to that of those who still speak a corrupted dialect of it in Italy, though our reason tells us, that is most likely to be right which gives a long vowel sound to the first syllable of *Tĭtyre*, and the last of *patulæ*, instead of the shortest which it is possible for the human voice to utter.

Mr. Wright tells us that E, AI, and H are all pronounced as the E in Italian, and I, Υ, OI, and EI as the Italian I. This to our ears must seem to rob the language of half its beauty, but when we are told O and Ω are pronounced without any difference of quantity we must confess ourselves guilty often of the same anomaly in reading ancient Greek, though not in the example he gives Ανθρωπος. What difference do we make between the first syllable of Θρονος, and the second of Ανθρωπος? the same may be said of H and E, what difference do we find in the first syllables of Θελω and Θηλυς? or if we do make any it is to give the *epsilon* in Θελω the same sound that we give our diphthong AI in *sail*, which is consequently a long sound. The truth is, that both in Latin and in Greek, we confound all long and short vowels, except in the penult of words above

two syllables. I mean in pronunciation; the difference in composition is too forcibly impressed on the memory at school to be easily fotgotten.

Mr. Wright observes with some degree of wonder, that the language of the Albanian soldiery approaches nearer to the purity of the ancient Greek, than that of the natives of Attica: but the reason seems sufficiently obvious; the more a language which once begins to be corrupted, is mixed with the language of strangers, the more it will deviate from its original structure. We question if there is any great difference between the British language spoken now in Wales and that spoken in the time of Julius Cæsar. Therefore, much curious information might possibly be obtained by a careful investigation of the Greek language now spoken among the islands and mountainous regions of Greece.

It is strange Mr. Wright did not notice the singular coincidence of the English and the modern Greek, in the use of Θελω "I will," for the sign of the future tense.

Mr. Wright mentions the circumstance of the B being pronounced like V. This appears to have been the case with the ancient Greek, in which we find the Roman V sometimes expressed by B, and sometimes by ΟΥ, from which perhaps we may infer that the ancient Romans, like the modern Londoners, occasionally confounded the sound of V and W. When the modern Greeks have occasion to express the sound of the B in words derived from any of the modern languages, they use ΜΠ.

Practical English Prosody and Versification, or Descriptions of the different Species of English Verse, with Exercises on Scanning and Versification, &c. By John Carey, L.L.D., 12mo. pp. 220. Gillet. 1809.

FIELDING entitles one of the introductory chapters in Tom Jones, "An Essay to prove that an Author will write the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes." If this excellent essay had ever fallen in the way of the author of this work, and he were at all capable of appreciating his own abilities, he never surely would have undertaken to write a treatise on English prosody.

To begin with the first page of the book, we are told that "some syllables are naturally long, by reason of the protracted sound of their vowels, as nōte, write. Others may be considered as artificially long on account of the stress laid on them by the accent, as besĕt, omĭt." Of the truth of the first part of this sentence there can be no doubt, for a long vowel if it is pronounced right will be long, but accent will not, either in the above examples or any others, lengthen the short syllables, in *beset* and *omit*. But the confusion of *accent*, which is the sole efficient of English verse, with *quantity*, which is the sole efficient of Latin verse, is the prominent feature in this very absurd work. The two Latin words which the doctor gives to prove that there are words of several syllables, all long or all short, are a complete confutation of the silly assertion, that a syllable is equivalent to long by being accented, for if a word is equivalent to long by its accent, as we accent Latin exactly as we do English, the same thing would take place in our pronunciation of that language, and the

quantity of the two words would be thus vitiated. Cōn-trādĭcēntĕs, rētinĕra.

To complete this monstrous confusion of accent with quantity, he calls the accentual feet of English verse by the names of the metrical feet of ancient verse, substituting accented and unaccented for long and short. The absurdity of this will be obvious by inserting any Latin word, in an English verse, *Tityre*, for instance, which is a dactyl, and *patulæ*, which is an anapœst, in an English verse would become both Amphimacus Ty'tyre pâtulæ. Dr. Carey is not much more happy in what he says of the figures syncope and synæresis, as in the voice of every good reader of verse, the *e* in *thundering* and the two vowels *io* in *patriot*, are always distinctly, though not emphatically heard.

As we proceed, we find a strong instance of the author's accurate ear for quantity, in his mode of scanning the three feet of the first line of Pope's translation of the Iliad, Pē.ĭdēs wrāth tŏ Greēce. Now as we always pronounce *Pelides* as if it was written *Pelidees*, the last syllable, though not accented, is evidently long both by the vowel sound and by position.

The following canon ought at once to clear up all confusion between accent and quantity, accent is the essence of all English, and I believe all modern verse, (except French which has no accent,) and quantity of all Latin verse. Yet in the hands of a skilful poet, a judicious arrangement of long and short syllables will add to the beauty, though not essential to the structure of English verse; but a proper arrangement of the accent in Latin verse, though not essential to its structure, is so much to its cadence, at least in our pronunciation, that though the judgment is offended by a false quantity, the ear is more

hurt by an unusual accentuation; and these accents are so far from making the syllable on which they fall long, that it is absolutely essential to the cadence of the verse, that some short syllables should be accented, and some long ones unaccented. In hexameters, the cæsura, marking the pause, occurs generally (so generally as to make the exceptions nothing) after the first syllable of the third foot, and consequently as no Latin word ends with an accented syllable, that syllable which is long must be without accent, and if the foot be a dactyl, the second syllable which is short will be accented. In pentameters the first insulated long syllable which concludes the hemistich is always unaccented, and in nineteen out of twenty of the sapphics of Horace, the principal accent of the verse falls on the second syllable of the dactyl.

But of what use, but to puzzle the learner, can this complicated system of English versification possibly be? From what has been just said of Latin verse, it is obvious that the metrical scanning of it gives a different cadence from that with which it is recited, and therefore the composition of it requires the exercise of the judgment and the memory as well as of the ear; but it is impossible for any ear not to distinguish immediately the simple cadence of English verses of every description, and any boy who is acquainted with the easy rules of our versification would sooner compose twenty lines himself than put any of the many, very many transposed exercises in this book into their proper order.

We will now say a few words on some of the doctor's grammatical remarks: of the expression *exceeding fair*, he observes that some modern writers appear to have an irreconcileable antipathy to the word *exceeding*, thus used in conjunction with an adjective, and substitute *exceed-*

ingly in its stead; but when it is said of a woman that she is *exceeding fair, passing fair,* or *surpassing fair,* if we but rightly parse, we shall readily come at the meaning that she is superlatively fair, *exceeding, passing,* or *surpassing,* what is usually deemed fair." This is certainly the meaning of the now obsolete phrase of passing fair, which is now supposed by the generality of readers to mean passably fair, and to such readers it could not be better explained by the phrase *surpassing fair,* but *exceeding fair* cannot come under the predicament as it is never used by our old writers.

We must give Dr. Carey credit for his censure of the transition from *you* to *thou,* which is but too frequent even among our most correct poets, though the reason is obvious. The poet wishes to avail himself of *thou* and *thee* as it throws the phrase out of its colloquial dress, but when the verb ending in *st* comes before him, he equally wishes to abandon it; the most wanton abuse of this licence occurs in this tetrastich of Pope's Eloisa.

> "O come! O teach me nature to subdue,
> Renounce my love, my life, myself—and *you,*
> Fill my fond heart with God alone; for he
> Alone can rival, can succeed to *thee.*"

There are several of Dr. Carey's grammatical observations which we also approve; especially his defence of such expressions as *mistaken* women against those superaccurate gramuarians who would substitute *mistaking* for *mistaken,* but entertaining the opinion we must entertain of his abilities, as a judge of English versification, we cannot but censure the arrogance of the attempt to revise and correct Dryden's Virgil, which is announced in an advertisement prefixed to this work, as one of the doctor's publications, and which may possibly fall under our animadversion in a subsequent number of the SATIRIST.

An Enquiry into the practical Merits of the System for the Government of India, under the Superintendance of the Board of Controul. By the Earl of Lauderdale. Edinburgh. Constable and Co. 8vo. pp. 260.

After the repeated charges of *ignorance* and imbecility brought by the opposition against the last administration of the lamented Pitt, when at length All the Talents had taken possession of the cabinet, and when *all their host of long expectant followers* had seized upon every vacant place and sinecure, nay when even the exuberant overflow of *talent* had placed them *three in a bed*, it was naturally to be supposed from their vaunting promises that every department of the state would be filled by those qualified alike by ability and *experience*, or at least by actual knowledge, to superintend the complicated machinery of foreign and domestic politics.

It was not to be imagined that those who for years had been constantly pointing out what *they* supposed to be *wrong*, should yet be ignorant of what was *right;* nor that the brightest luminary in this intellectual constellation should actually have selected for the most important situation *out* of the kingdom, a man totally inadequate to the duties of his office. In speaking thus of the *intended* Governor-General of our Indian empire, we deny him not that share which he might claim of the general stock of *talent*, we merely draw our inference from his own, perhaps unintentional, confession of his ignorance. Though it is some years since the appointment was intended, yet this noble author seems not to have become sensible of his *deficiency* until the close of the "last *session of parliament;" if his assumption of the Indian

* The work was published *previously* to the *last* prorogation.

government *had* taken place, however, *we* should perhaps have discovered it a little sooner. In speaking of his objections to a clause in the Bill of Appropriation, respecting the company, his lordship observes, (page vi.)

"That he does not, however, desire to conceal that at the moment, he secretly felt *ashamed of his imperfect knowledge* of the subject he was called upon to discuss; a feeling to which he was perhaps more sensibly alive, from the recollection that he had been selected by the partiality of one who is no more, to fill the *first* situation in the management of the East India Company's affairs!"

After a confession so candid, we can only console his lordship with an observation of Johnson's, respecting the future improvement of a country north of Tweed; "where there is *shame*," said the sturdy moralist, "there may yet be *virtue*," and we may also infer that where there is *shame*, there may yet be *knowledge*.

Having at length sat down "in conscious ignorance" to repair this deficiency, he informs us that the present work contains "the most important results of his researches," we fear, however, that even yet his lordship has not proved his qualification for this high office, should the *happy change* take place, for he seems as yet to have only looked at *one side* of the question.

"To him it appears necessary before the *present system* can with any degree of propriety be prolonged, to examine, first, what were the malversations, what the difficulties that gave it birth? and, secondly, what have been the malversations, what the difficulties which it has produced."

What then! are the *benefits* resulting from it, to form no part of the enquiry? If indeed *this* is the mode by

which *All the Talents* intend that investigation shall take place, even their own *short* administration will yet present us with a *long* catalogue.

"The system for the management of India, which rumour says is now to be prolonged, originated in a *moment of violent political struggles*, and at a time when the recent renewal of the company's charter, and the *rights which under it the proprietors had acquired*, bounded the speculations, and controuled the opinions of all;"—*hinc illæ lachrymæ!* why yes, we do recollect those *political struggles* in opposition to a famous India bill, which would have placed all the territorial and all the commercial concerns of the company, together with all mercantile, civil, and military patronage of a vast empire in the hands of a Junta of *Seven* chosen by the minister, which would have made *that minister* independent of the crown and of the people, and have robbed the proprietors of those rights guaranteed to them both by law and justice.

To give any detailed analysis of this work, which though of small size contains references to a variety of subjects, and numerous inferences all on *one* side of the question, would far exceed our possible limits, we shall, however, take a cursory view of the three heads under which his lordship has arranged his investigation.

The *first* is of the efficacy of the system of Indian government, as established under a board of controul, in preventing schemes of conquest, and extension of dominion; the *second*, is of the success of the arrangement sanctioned by the act of 1793, in increasing the export of our manufactures, and the import of raw materials; and *thirdly*, of the progress made in effecting the objects to which the profits were by law appropriated.

In the first of these divisions his lordship acknowledges

that the company's orders had always been against extending our dominion, and that the resolutions of the House of Commons had approved of them, but he seems totally to forget that a general order must often yield to imperious circumstances; he seems to forget that more than half of the country governments were founded on usurpation, that our wars were wars of defence, and that in many instances the native princes were reinstated on their thrones; as his lordship, however, has stated all our acts to be acts of *aggression*, we shall mention *one* which seems to have escaped his observation. In the war of 1790 with Tippoo Saib, when the usurper's troops on the western side of India were driven out of the *Coorga* country, by the forces under General Abercrombie, this *conquered* country one of the most fertile in pepper, was found in a fit state for a plentiful harvest; the rights of conquest placed all this in the company's power, yet the Rajah was immediately reinstated in all his rights, which enabled him to sell the produce of his *Zemindarry* to a Moorish merchant well known by the the name of *Moussa* from whom the company *purchased it*, in order to fill up their investments for that year.

His lordship, however, *ignorant* of all circumstances favourable to the company's management, asserts that "unfortunately, neither the dictates of reason, nor the authority of the legislature, have been capable of checking that desire of conquest and of extension of dominion, so repeatedly and so justly reprobated," and we are not a little amused with his *extreme candour* when, "to prevent the possibility of misconception it appears necessary to declare, that it is neither intended to criminate those who governed abroad, nor those who, by the choice

of the proprietors, or the appointments of the crown, have shared the management at home!!!

Where *all* is wrong, it is natural to enquire, *what would be right? this*, however, his lordship does not *expressly* tell us, we have therefore, a fair right to form our opinions by inference; in page 31 we find that we were at peace with *Mysore* until 1799,

"when an *alleged* connection with the French, the terror of a jacobin club at Seringapatam, and the refusal of Tippoo till it was thought too late to receive explanations of our demands from an ambassador, produced an attack on his dominions, that ended in the death of that prince, and the degradation of his family;"*

and again, in p. 106, in a note, though

"the existence of this French officer (Perron) in the service of Scindiah, holding the command which he possessed, was represented as a circumstance big with danger to the safety of the British Empire in India—the following considerations render it impossible not to believe that this danger was much exaggerated."

It is unnecessary to detail *these considerations* as they prove nothing; we may judge however what *would have been* his lordship's line of politics had *he* been entrusted with the guardianship of this most valuable portion of the British colonies.

In page 119, he makes an awkward attempt to prove that our system in India is wrong by a forced analogy with the conduct of France, an attempt which so completely fails as in the present case, will to the judicious be

* Mem. the degradation of an *usurper's* family!

an additional proof of the badness of the cause. Under the second division of the subject, our noble author endeavours to shew that the trade with India should be thrown open, by the destruction of the company's monopoly; this, however, is a part of the subject in which, though there is much specious reasoning, there is yet but little real information to be found. We would ask him, could private traders do any thing without the company's establishments? does he not know that ships under neutral colours, and which went to neutral ports, were yet obliged to have their cargoes completed from the company's settlements, where the contractors to supply the company merely sold them a *surplus* of inferior articles, or sometimes, perhaps, tempted by the prospect of gain, furnished them with articles which should have gone into the company's warehouses? Does he not know, that until the company acquired a manufacturing territory, even their own ships, as late as the middle of the last century, were obliged to remain two, and sometimes three years in India, collecting a cargo? And, finally, does he not know that the contracts for the company's piece goods are often paid for in advance, even before the cotton of which they are manufactured is planted? How then could a private trade ever have existed without the company's establishments? And now that these are founded on the actual right of property, how can the proprietors with any regard to justice be deprived of the corresponding advantages, to please a set of visionary politicians and of mercantile adventurers, who have never yet in any one year occupied one half of the tonnage which has been furnished for them by the company.

In viewing the state of our exports to India as being but a small proportion to our imports from that country,

his lordship seems by a curious kind of paradox, to consider the *same fact* as ruinous to both countries; or, that England must be ruined by the surplus of her *imports*, and India by the surplus of her *exports*. Here, however, he seems totally to forget that *our* exports of manufactures, or of raw articles, such as iron, lead, saffron, &c. were always on a small scale, and that formerly the difference was paid in bullion, whilst now, our export of manufactures is at least as great as ever, our export of bullion is confined to the China market and even that considerably diminished in proportion to the increase of our China trade, in consequence of the extended intercourse between Canton and our Indian settlements; and finally, that as our *imports* from India have increased, whilst that increase has *not* been paid for by British property, there must of course be an *addition to our wealth at home*. With respect to the difference or surplus of *exports* from India, it does not follow that this must impoverish that country; according to the political arithmetic of Europe, the country whose exports exceeded her imports, was considered as having the balance in her favour. But why was this considered so? not merely because that balance was paid for in gold, but because there was a certain proportion of industry excited, which increased our internal commerce and internal comfort and happiness. If then our connection with India does not rob that country either of the food necessary for subsistence, or of the *necessary* comforts and conveniences of life, but merely draws from it in the shape of manufactures, a value equal to the company's territorial revenues, which revenue is therefore expended in the encouragement of industry, and in giving a greater value to a raw article unnecessary to the inhabitants, surely we cannot consider that country as impoverished! To

bring it nearer home, as those new reasoners are fond of analogy—if the Irish absentees resident in this country were to order their stewards to lay out their rents in linen and other manufactures, for export to England, would Lord L. say that Ireland was impoverished by the measure.

After a very partial view of the subject, his lordship draws this very extraordinary conclusion,

"that Parliament was either deceived by the statements of those in whom it confided, or that gross misconduct has taken place under the system of government, adopted to secure the Company's interest against the effects of mismanagement."

With all due deference to him, however, we must be allowed to deny all his conclusions respecting the company's ruin, when we consider that their commerce has for so many years poured into the lap of this country all the superabundant productions of Oriental climes and afforded such ample supplies to our home revenue as equal, if not surpass the revenues of all Europe previous to the discovery of America and the East; and whilst we are convinced that their present distresses, without having recourse to syllogistic reasoning, can be simply accounted for by the temporary stoppage of continental exportation, and by the expences necessary for the support of wars produced by French revolutionary intrigue in India.

We feel it a matter of regret that our limits will not permit us to go further into the investigation of this "Inquiry," we have no doubt, however, that some person, well acquainted with the company's affairs, will step forward to follow it through the whole of its line of argument, yet we cannot close the article without particularly deprecating that insinuation in page 245, respect-

ing the reduction of India sale prices being likely to hurt the interests of our manufactures, an insinuation so unfounded, and in such direct opposition to his lordship's own reasoning in the foregoing page, that we withhold the expression of our sentiments lest our feelings should carry us beyond the limits of literary criticism.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. Hor.

Still must our dramatic criticism be confined to the Lyceum, for the contest between the managers of Covent Garden and the public is still undecided: the fiftieth night of uproar has passed away, and the storm though, its violence is for the present somewhat abated, still lowers heavily. Never was so much contempt exhibited so unreservedly for public opinion, by those whose very support depends on public opinion, and on a subject on which public opinion has the most unquestionable right to decide. Injury has been added to injury, and insult to insult. Parties of ruffians regularly headed by a certain *theatrical captain,* and designated as such, have been nightly introduced under the stage, and after being locked up till the appointed time in a room, where, unseen, they might receive their final instructions, have been let into the pit, to support by brutal violence the cause of their employers. The seats of the theatre have been regularly polluted by

the lowest and vilest refuse of society, and in, consequence, evidence has never been wanting to prove the charges exhibited at Bow-Street, and such evidence has too generally been received, even when positively contradicted by the testimony of the most credible witnesses. Persons, when nearly choaked by the dust of the house, have been held to bail for coughing; and a despicable hireling of the theatre has been allowed to decide whether the cough was natural or feigned; others, who, when the tumult grew violent wished to retire from its fury, have been dragged to prison for not keeping their seats, which if they had done they would as likely have been seized for being engaged in riot. The magistrates of Bow-Street have taken occasion too, to close their office against the public, and to hold that none have a right to admission without their leave obtained. Informations for conspiracies, prosecutions, imprisonments, and all the terrors of the law have been put in array by the managers in support of their abuse of what is in its very essence an abuse, their theatrical monopoly. The stage was intended for the amusement and instruction of the public, and not for the exclusive advantage of two or three individuals. And yet, because a patent, granted the Lord knows how long ago, has descended through a variety of hands to the present holders, the people, who had not disputed its authority, are to be forced to submit to whatever extent it may be exerted. If the principle be once established, that we have no right to express our disapprobation of any thing appertaining to our public amusements, what actors and what plays will not be forced on the stage? Indeed with what actors and with what plays are not the public taste and judgment already insulted? But presently the tool of the manager, or the hack scribbler of the house

shall file his criminal information against all such as hiss his acting or his piece. It is astonishing how small a portion of filth will pollute a pure stream, and how contemptible a cause will put every part of the most admirable and well-regulated machine into disorder: there is no other way of accounting for the general ferment of indignation, into which the public has been thrown for these fifty days past, by the conduct of Mr. Kemble and his associates.

But indignant as we are at the conduct of the managers, we are no less so at the paltry attempt of those, who have endeavoured to take advantage of the popular discontent, and by confounding it with objects with which it has no connection, to make it the means of advancing their selfish and criminal projects. Let these reptiles confine themselves to their Forums, and not insult by their presence those who despise them and all their schemes: let them learn to be content with the admiration of journeymen-barbers and taylor's apprentices. Their noise is like the clamour of geese, to which no wise man pays attention, though like geese they threaten most fiercely.

The LYCEUM has offered little subject for comment, and less for commendation. Whether secure of the attendance of all such as wished merely to see a play, the managers felt little motive for exertion; or, following the example set by the other house, thought it unnecessary to cultivate the public favour, it is certain that hitherto their performances have been little worthy the metropolis of the British empire. Every thing betrays poverty and wretchedness and debility, or else a wilful and culpable neglect. Nothing can be worse than the wardrobe and the scenery, and bad as that is, it is made worse by bad management. It is but a few nights ago, that we observ-

ed in the duel scene of The Poor Gentleman, which is laid in Kent, an ill-painted rock, with a stream of white-wash, intended for a cascade, set as the back scene, while the wings were composed of striped daubings meant for *palm trees!* Kent is fertile enough, but we never yet had the pleasure of tasting Kentish dates.

The managers have, however, brought out a farce, entitled NOT AT HOME, written by Mr. Dallas, it is said, who is known as the author of some novels which have obtained a very considerable degree of reputation, and we believe very deservedly. This farce was certainly very fairly damned on the first night of performance: but neither authors nor actors have reason to fear damnation, since managers have assumed the power of absolution. They assert that the farce was received with bursts of applause, and continue to act it; and in all due deference to managerial infallibility, we feel ourselves compelled to notice it; though otherwise inclined to let it pass silently into oblivion.

The author has been very accommodating; for short as his farce is, he has, with a view no doubt to suit the various tastes of his audience, compressed two sets of scenes into the space of two acts, which agree together about as well as a fat Bristol bomboat-woman, and one of Miss H. More's thin methodist spinsters would do, if stuck together in a stage coach. They have in fact not the most distant connection, and the awkward attempt which is made to botch them together at last, only shews more plainly their want of union. It is not easy to decide on the comparative merits of these two sets of scenes, when one is as seriously comic, as the other is comically serious. There is one thing, indeed, which adds a little to the tiresomeness of the serious scenes, which is that they are all stolen:

aye, says the author, but they are *only* stolen from one of my own novels, and it is hard if a man may not make free with his own. Very true; but then it is equally true, that nothing is more tedious than a twice-told tale. And what is the wonderful story with which the author was so fascinated that after he had published it in a novel, he was not content till he dramatized it, and made it farcical? Why, that a young lord at Cambridge tries to seduce a young lady in the neighbourhood, and not succeeding, gives out that he has, that he may more easily carry into execution a plan which he has laid for carrying her off by force; which plan is frustrated by a friend to whom he has confided it, and the lord is brought to shame, and the young lady restored to her good name. All very moral, and proper no doubt: but, Lord bless the man, are not such stories to be found in every novel that is published between Aldgate and Brentford?

But then the comic scenes! Mathews does make himself so ugly, and how droll and funny that is! Yes, and so does Grimaldi, but no one ever thought of praising the composer of a pantomime, on account of Grimaldi's grimaces. But why is Mathews so ugly? The author has no doubt a fair claim to go shares with nature in any praise that may be due on this account, since he has heightened what she had partly done before. Thus then it is: A young married man is so inordinately jealous, that he never suffers his wife a moment from his sight, is served only by monsters of ugliness, and shuts all his friends out of his *house*, except SPECTRE (personated by Mathews), whom, on account of his hideousness of visage, he persuades himself to admit. Spectre, however, fancies himself a desirable object, and positively makes love to the wife, is overheard by the jealous husband, and is turned out of

doors by him.—All the humour consists in the absurd jealousy of the husband, who, because his wife is not frightened at the sight of his ugly domestics, tells her he fancies she has a taste for ugly men; and not a single laugh is raised but by the grimace and extravagant ugliness of Mathews, who had contrived to get completely rid of his nose, and to raise his eyebrows half-way up his forehead. But though we may laugh for the moment at the capacity of this actor to reduce "the human face divine" to a level with some of the inhabitants of Mr. Pidcock's saloon, it is after all but a sort of pot-house buffoonery. We wish he would not degrade his talents thus. Every thing that could be done for such a piece has been done by Mathews, Melvin, and Mrs. Orger; and we wonder what can have induced the author to omit, since the managers chuse to force his piece on the town, the short satire on chemical studies, introduced in Mrs. Orger's first scene, which was undoubtedly one of the best points in his whole force.

Mrs. Edwin has not improved. Several of the papers wondered, some time since, why she did not play Beatrice. She has played the part, and they may now wonder why she did.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.*

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites !*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree ?*—POPE.

1. Reply to the Essay on Population, by the Reverend T. R. Malthus."

" The author is a *powerful reasoner;* but there is† much repetition, great want of arrangement," &c. " He is a *giant* in *argument*, but his weapons are rough. The present volume may, however, be considered as the *most satisfactory* answer to the Essay on Population, that has yet appeared."—Annual Review.

" The *arguments* are generally amusing, however *insignificantly*."—London Review.

—" As we do not read these things in Mr. Malthus's performance, it would be useless to expose the *loose* and *puerile declamation* which they call forth in the production before us; which indeed is *wholly* taken up in alternately *misrepresenting* Mr. Malthus, and in refuting those misrepresentations. The writer is presumptuous enough to think that Mr. Malthus will peruse the *farrago* which we have been condemning: but we greatly doubt that he will do much more than barely dip into it; since his time is too valuable to be thrown away on the perusal

* Error in last month's article : page 519, third line of the note, *describe* is printed for *ascribe*.

† " *Is* :" so in the original. The Annual Reviewers shall have a patent for their grammatical construction, that nobody else may use any of the sort.—SATIRIST.

of a *medley* of *coarse abuse*, that can boast of *neither logic nor learning*."—Monthly Review.

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2. The fourteen books of Palladius Rutilius Taurus Æmilianus on Agriculture; by the Reverend T. Owen, M. A.

"Palladius is a *very sensible* writer: he *observes closely*, and *reasons judiciously*. Many of his instructions are evidently the result of his own experience, and may yet be attended to *with advantage*."—Annual Review.

"If those books which are classed under the head of Grecian and Roman Classics, contained nothing preferable to these remains of Palladius, we should not recommend the study of the languages in which they are written. We could have wished to have been spared the trouble of wading through such a *mass of stupidity* for so bootless a purpose."—Monthly Review.

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3. Sermons on various Subjects, by John Bidlake.

"This is upon the whole a *very respectable* work. It is evidently the production of an *enlightened* and *liberal* mind, and one of those few publications which call to our recollection the days that are past, when the clergy of the church of England were almost universally distinguished as preachers of *sound* and *useful morality*," &c.—Annual Review.

"These sermons are on the whole pleasing and *edifying* compositions: the language is neat and clear; the *piety rational* and *benevolent*, *consolatory* and *impressive*."—Critical Review.

"This volume opens with four discourses on the seasons of the year, which appeared to us very like an *awkward* attempt to imitate Sturm's Reflections. Indeed we could scarcely have been convinced that the preacher had not relieved himself from the labour of original composition, by turning one of these Reflections into a sermon, at the easy rate of tacking on to it a text of scripture, had we not painfully felt the *want of* Sturm's graceful simplicity and *useful* application.—In the progress of our ex-

amination, however, the pangs of benevolence which we felt for this gentleman's audience found some alleviation in the thought, that strewing the flowers of natural history, though it will not feed hungry minds, is at least an innocent employment, when compared with dispensing *deadly poison.*"—Eclectic Review.

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4. The Cutter: in five Lectures upon the Art and Practice of cutting Friends, Acquaintances, and Relations.

"The oblique reasoning by which the third lecture is introduced, is *particularly happy:* and the 'urbana dissimulatio' is *well preserved* throughout."—Monthly Mirror.

"How this operation" [cutting] "is to be performed, the lecturer before us has explained with as much *humour* as the subject will admit; and he has illustrated his rules with *designs* which have *great character* in them."—Monthly Review.

"A greater contrast cannot easily subsist, than between the *perfect insipidity* of these lectures, and the *spirit* and *character* of the *engravings* by which they are accompanied. The literary part of the work is *mere nonsense;* sometimes very pedantic, often very pert, and *always very stupid.* The abstract idea of a cutter, in the *print* facing the title, is *incomparable.*"—British Critic.

"Five coloured *prints* adorn this work, for the elucidation of the different kinds of cuts to be practised: and if the set study of them can give our readers the *smallest satisfaction,* or *amuse them for five minutes,* we must own that they are much more *easy to be pleased* than ourselves."—Critical Review.

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5. A Speech delivered at a Meeting of the Merchants' Company of Edinburgh, on Monday the 16th of February; by John Borthwick Gilchrist, Esq. LL.D.

"This speech which certainly exhibits *no* very captivating specimen of elegance or *eloquence,* recommends," &c.—British Critic.

—"These resolutions are in some degree explained, and with

considerable warmth of *eloquence* recommended, in the speech here published."—Annual Review.

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6. Public Spirit.

" At a crisis like the present, every author who endeavours to promote public spirit, and *warns* us of the *mischiefs* occasioned by selfish or *party views*, deserves the thanks of his countrymen, and is entitled to our best report of his work. This laudable task is performed, in the present instance, with *no mean ability*.—We should have been pleased had our limits permitted us to give a more detailed account of this *very sensible* pamphlet." —British Critic.

" We regard this pamphlet as a *truly patriotic* publication. We shall present our readers with some of the writer's closing observations, which prove him to be a politician of *no mean sagacity*."—Literary Panorama.

" It has been shrewdly observed, that a title was a very important part of a work: the author of the *excellent* tract before us has been aware of this truth. This *ingenious* and *philosophical* writer," &c. " After this *ingenious, just*, and *elegant* description of the French character and principles, the author reviews, with the same *acute discrimination* and *undeviating impartiality*, the character and conduct of our *ministers* and their *opponents*. Perfectly understanding the nature and bearings of his subject, he examines its importance and influence to * the nation with the *comprehensive mind* of the *statesman*, the *elegance* of the *accomplished scholar*, and the *easy* DIGNITY of the GENTLEMAN; and uniformly discovers such a *generous love of rectitude*, of *rational liberty* and *independance*, in short such an *exalted sentiment* of *genuine patriotism*," &c. " We shall make one more extract from this *admirable* essay on public spirit."—Antijacobin Review.

" An *excellent* pamphlet might have been written under this

" *Influence to*." So in the original.—SATIRIST.

title, but we are sorry that we *cannot* bestow that commendation on the present performance. A writer on the grand topic of public spirit, ought to be divested of all party-views: but unfortunately the author before us seems to be only the *menial organ* of a *party*. A writer on public spirit ought to be a man of enlightened mind and a capacious heart; but the present writer is a man of a *cloudy intellect*, and we fear of *no very comprehensive benevolence*. A writer on public spirit ought to be a lover of truth; but in the present pamphlet we have noticed some *disgusting* CALUMNIES and *unfounded misrepresentations*. In progress of his work the author *omits no opportunity* of *aspersing* the wisdom and the worth of Mr. Fox; the administration of lord Grenville comes in for a due share of *envenomed* animadversion; and from the whole all that we can infer is, that the author esteems *public spirit* to consist in giving an *unqualified support* to the *present ministers*."—Critical Review.

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7. Original Poems, intended for the Use of young Persons; by Mrs. Richardson.

—"The execution is *very creditable* to Mrs. Richardson's talent at *versification*."—Monthly Mirror.

"Children do not know how to name or to define the qualities which displease them; but never shall a *proser* gain their willing and delighted ear: *therefore* the 'Poems' before us will not, we apprehend, become favourites."—Annual Review.

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8. Considerations on the Practicability, Policy, and Obligation of communicating to the Natives of India the Knowledge of Christianity; by a late Resident in Bengal.

"The 'Late Resident' writes well, but is *miserably fanatical* towards the conclusion."—Edinburgh Review.

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"If *vulgar abuse*, *unblushing impudence*, and *false* assertions can for a moment gratify any reader who was not an admirer of Mr. Fox, they † will find ample amusement in the *low* and *contemptible* lines by which the author has thought proper to *disgrace* the press, and to style ‡ 'national ode.' We would exhort the writer, instead of spending his time in fabricating such *scurrilous* and *doggrel* lines," &c.—Critical Review.

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* "*It*:" that is, the *lines is*.—SATIRIST.

† "*They*:" that is, "any *reader*.—SATIRIST.

‡ "*By which* the author has thought proper *to style*." Very correct and critical composition!—SATIRIST.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

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